THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE ROMANCE THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XIV. R. BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, NO. 44 ANN-STREET. NEW YORK, AUGUST 7, 1858. TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 22.

THE FAREWELL.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

O'er life's dim wastes my lonely path is laid,
Where beauty flashes but with dying gleam,
And every flower that wooes the genial shade
Sheds its pale leaves on desolation's stream;
But though each trembling star may set in gloom,
And hope, expiring, from my visions flee,
Soft-wafted on affection's holy plume,
My heart, exulting, will return to thee.

I go where other scenes in grandeur rise,
Where other shores re-echo to the deep,
Where other stars illumine other skies,
And other men toil, suffer, love, and weep.
But, like some captive song-bird, borne afar
From the loved island where her wing was free,
Oft o'er the deep, beneath the evening star,
My heart, exulting, will return to thee.

When from our skies the rainbow shall decline,
And all life's fires are quenched in bitter tears,
The days which thou hast brightened still will shine,
Fair islands flowering in the sea of years.
Still beautiful before me a dear form,
Like a dim shadow on a twilight sea,
Will float, for still, with love's first feelings warm,
My heart, exulting, will return to thee.

Thou art a picture sweet on memory's page,
Thine is the form my spirit worshiped first,
And still 'tis joy, 'tis rapture to assuage
At love's dear fount my soul's consuming thirst;
Ours was the tender look, the thrilling tone,
The moonlight bower beneath our favorite tree;
Such hours fade not—when weary years have flown,
My heart, exulting, will return to thee.

Thou art to me a vision of the heart,
A flower that fades not with the lapse of years,
A shrine whence passion cannot, will not part,
A sunbow pictured in affliction's tears.
Time may outspread his shadowy wings, but soft
Thy memory will shine through them. Thou wilt be
The light, the music of my life, for oft
My heart, exulting, will return to thee.

GLENDOWER;

OR,

THE NORTH SEA ROVER.

A STORY OF THE COAST AND WATERS OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER X.

A CHASE.

Julian had taken half a dozen steps, and was close up to the gangway. Three steps more, and the plank would turn. He stopped and bowed his head upon his bosom. He had been thinking of Emma Dean; and now his thoughts turned upon his mother. He could see her pale, beautiful face, with that look of heavenly love upon it, as he saw it first upon his return; and he saw, too, the look of more than mortal agony which the coming grief must cast upon it. Why was one so pure and gentle singled out for such suffering? Should he die with the great secret yet unlocked? Despite the loaded pistol which was pointed towards him he turned once more to the pirate chieftain.

"I do not ask my life," he cried, as he saw the finger move upon the trigger. "Listen one moment, I implore you. You have given me no chance for prayer."

"Then pray as you go. You've had time enough."

"But I would do more. I would ask you a question. Do not refuse me."

"You may ask for anything but life."

"I would ask thee this, then," said the youth, eagerly: "Do not let me die without telling me why my life is thus sought. I know full well that you are not the man to seek such an end from mere revenge. Why does Sir Thomas Cleaveland wish me out of his way? What has my mother done that he should hunt her like a criminal? Since the secret must die with me, you will not refuse to tell me."

"What know you of Sir Thomas?" asked Grunker, with a start.

"I know that he it is who persecutes my mother and myself."

The pirate seemed to be moved by some sudden emotion, for he turned and walked to the wheel, and then came slowly back again.

"Come down," he said. "But mind you," he added, "this is no reprieve. I would only converse with you a moment. Follow me, both of you."

Thus speaking Grunker strode aft again, and both Julian and Mark followed him into his cabin. He sank into a chair as though he were somewhat fatigued, and pointed to a couple of stools upon which the prisoners might be seated. They obeyed the sign, and the pirate then spoke.

"Young man," he said, with his dark eye fixed upon Julian, "you have asked me a question which I did not expect, as I had been assured that you did not even know the earl; but, before you die, I am willing to exchange information with you. Why do you think Sir Thomas seeks to have you out of his way?"

"That is the very question I asked you," returned Julian. "I cannot answer it."

"But you know something," pursued Grunker, eagerly.

"Only that my mother is afraid of him, and that she would have fled from Yorkshire if I could have gone with her. I have asked her, but she will tell me nothing. It gives her pain when I mention the subject."

"Do you know anything?" the captain asked, turning to Mark.

"Only what Julian Glendower has told you."

RECOGNITION OF THE NORTH SEA ROVER.

Grunker placed his elbow upon the table by his side, and rested his brow upon his hand. Julian regarded him with mingled feelings of curiosity and surprise. What could he wish to know that secret for, if he did not know it already? He knew, from what he had heard Mark say, that the bold pirate had once lived in the region around about Cloughton, and that in those days he had been a smuggler, warmly welcomed by the people to whom he sold cheap sugar and rum, and protected even by those who had some power in the land. And the youth had heard his companion say, too, that some strange event had startled the smuggler into his career of deeper crime.

"Mark Warrenton," the chieftain finally said, raising his head and gazing into the old man-of-war's-man's face, "you knew me in years gone by."

"I knew you by reputation, and by sight," replied Mark.

"And were you not on shore when Sir Owen Cleaveland died?"

"Yes—I happened to be at home then. That was two-and-twenty years ago."

"Exactly," added Grunker. "You knew Sir Owen?"

"By sight. But my mother knew him well."

"Now tell me," pursued the pirate, growing more earnest in his manner, "did you ever hear anything about his wife?"

"Why," said Mark, thoughtfully, "I've heard my mother speak of her; and mebbe I've heard others. I've heard my mother say that Sir Owen would never have married the lady Annabella if his stepmother hadn't really forced him to it."

"Did you ever hear where this Annabella came from?"

"No. I never saw anybody that knew."

Dixon Grunker started up from his seat, and walked across the cabin, and when he sat down again he seemed more calm.

"I suppose you can tell me no more," he said.

"I know of nothin' more," replied Mark.

The pirate then fixed his eyes upon Julian, and kept them thus for some moments. It was an eager, earnest gaze, as though the man were reading a history from those youthful features.

"Captain Grunker," our hero at length said, "we have told you all we know, and will you not now do the same? Will you not tell me why the earl would have me slain?"

"I have not said that the earl wished such a thing."

"It matters not what you have said. You know that it is so, and I know that you know it. Now will you tell me?"

"I might if I could, but I cannot."

"You said you would exchange information," said Julian, impatiently.

"Well—you gave me none, and I have none for you."

"And you will murder me, then, upon the mere beck of a titled villain, without a cause?" cried the youth, bitterly.

"Do you know what I carry *here*?" whispered the pirate, placing his hand again upon his wound. "I swore that you should die!"

At this moment the sound of "*Sail ho*" came from the deck, and the captain started from his seat and hurried up the ladder. Julian's eye had several times rested upon a large knife which lay upon the floor, where it seemed to have fallen from one of the berths, and he determined to possess himself of it if possible. His arms were pinioned, but he still hoped to succeed. He knew not that he should ever have a chance to use it, but it might be of service in some way. So as soon as Grunker was gone he started towards it, and managed to stoop down and pick it up. Then he took it to Mark, who easily slipped it into his bosom by his simply kneeling down behind him.

In a few moments more the same two men who had thus far waited upon the prisoners, came down into the cabin.

"What's up now?" asked Mark.

"Only a sail in sight, so you'll go forward again."

"A merchantman?" pursued the old man.

"We don't know what she is,—and I don't know as you need to care; so move along."

The two prisoners were led on deck, where they met the captain at his station by the weather quarter-rail.

"You'll be confined again," he said, "till we find out what sort of a craft we've got in hand."

He seemed too much engaged with the strange sail, to bestow further attention upon his prisoners, and they were led off down the main hatchway, and forward to the same place they had before occupied.

"You'll cast off these lashin's, an' put on the irons again, won't ye?" said Mark. "This aren't the way to keep an old sailor in limbo."

One of the men replied that he would see about it, and then went away with his companion; but ere long he returned, and the lashings were removed from their arms, and heavy irons placed upon their hands and feet. Mark's next request was for food and drink.

"Ye wouldn't starve a poor fellow, would ye?" he said.

The man had not thought about that; but he would do so at once. He did so, and the result was, that food and drink were brought.

In the meantime there was considerable excitement upon the brig's deck. She was standing to the eastward, toward the track of vessels to and from the Baltic, with the wind from the southwest. The sail which had been made out was to the southward and eastward, and was standing toward them.

"She may be an Edinburgh trader," said the captain.

"Very likely," returned the lieutenant, who owned the name of Laban Cartham; "though she don't seem to have much of the Firth of Forth rig about those lofty sails."

"She may be a 'Tartar,'" suggested the boatswain, who stood by.

"Never mind," replied Grunker. "We'll stand on till we make her out, and then we can show her a clean pair of heels if there's need of it. If it's a trader, we'll give her a call, and if it's a man-o'-war, we'll just run away. I don't think there's anything on these waters that can overhaul the Rover."

In a little while Cartham was ordered to lay aloft with a glass. He did so, and soon reported that the strange craft was a heavy brig.

"How do you see her?" asked Grunker.

"I can see the heads of her topsails, sir."

"Does she stand this way?"

"Yes, sir; and she's rising fast."

In a little while the lieutenant reported that she had risen the hull of her courses.

"What d'ye think of her now?" the captain demanded.

"I think she's a man-o'-war, sir. She carries too heavy spars for a merchantman."

"Hold on till you can see her hull. By the life of me, but I'll be sure what she is before I show her my heels!"

"Now she rises!" cried Cartham, a few minutes afterwards. "She's a brig-o'-war, sir—and a heavy one."

"Can you see her guns?"

"Hold on—Aye, aye—she carries eighteen of 'em, sir."

"That'll do. You may come down. Perdition seize her! why should she poke her nose up here!"

"She may have sighted us," suggested the lieutenant.

"Then she may keep on our track as long as she pleases. Mind the helm there for wearing ship, sir. We'll take this wind upon the other quarter for a while."

The brig was soon standing to the northward, with the wind upon the larboard quarter, and all sail set and drawing. It was now near noon, and it was soon evident that the Rover did not gain anything in distance between herself and her chaser. By one o'clock the hull of the war vessel could be seen from the pirate's deck, and in an hour later it was very evident that the chaser was gaining. All was excitement now on board the Rover. Every stitch of canvass which could possibly be offered to the breeze was spread, and the men even resorted to the expedient of throwing water upon the lower sails. At three oclock the man of war was not over five miles distant.

"I've seen the time," muttered Grunker, "that I wouldn't run from that fellow; but our crew has been fearfully thinned out. By the mass! that young dog below has picked off some of the best of 'em. But I'll settle with him as soon as we get out of this scrape. If the old Rover holds her own as she has done, we may get clear yet, and escape in the dark."

"There's a chance for it," replied Cartham.

And so it would seem, for during the next two hours the pursuer gained but very little—not over half a mile—and it was now past five o'clock. At seven o'clock the vessels were less than four miles apart, and when the sun went down the pirates were sure of escaping without a shot. The heavens were clear, but there would be no moon, and they felt confident of darkness enough to afford them a cover. But at nine o'clock the tall spars of the war brig could be seen against the starry sky; and of course the pirates knew that their own spars could be seen equally well from the deck of the cruiser.

"Isn't there a haze coming up from the west'rd?" asked the captain, who had grown very nervous and uneasy. His wound fretted him, and much of his iron fortitude had forsaken him in his weakness and pain. He was not so well as he had thought. The removal from the quiet retreat of Weldhill to the bustle of his deck had shown to him how serious his hurt had been. "It is a haze," he added, hopefully.

"It feels damp and foggy," returned Cartham, holding up his hand so that the air might strike it.

"Aye—and it's rising," pursued the chieftain. "We'll have it dark enough before long."

"In half an hour we shall know," said the lieutenant.

"In less time," added Grunker. And he was right, for within twenty minutes the fog had swept over them, and the stars were all obscured, shutting out the man-of-war as though a thick black curtain had been dropped down between them.

"We are safe now," the pirate captain cried, starting across his deck with a lighter tread. "But let all hands remain up for the present. You may keep away before this breeze a while, Mr. Cartham, and then we'll go upon the other tack. Let the men have their suppers."

During this exciting season upon the brig's deck the two prisoners had been listening and understanding all that was going on; and Julian had been busy with other thoughts, too. The respite which he had received had given him new hope, and he had resolved that if his life must go it should go dearly for his captors. The chance of escape seemed small indeed, but any chance, never so slight, gave food for planning and hoping.

"Julian," spoke the old man, "it's growin' dark."

"Yes," responded the youth. "It must be very near nightfall."

"And I think the man-o'-war's gaining on us."

"She must be, Mark; but I fear she won't overhaul us. The pirate will get off under cover of the darkness."

"So I've thought; and I've thought o' somethin' else, Julian."

"Ah—what?"

"I've thought," pursued the old sailor, in a low, cautious tone, "that if we could contrive to get out o' this, an' get into the sea, even if we had only a plank to help us, we'd better run the risk o' bein' picked up by the cruiser than stay here. I've been thinking o' that, me boy."

"Just what has occupied my thoughts," returned Julian. "And I've made a discovery, too."

"Eh—what?"

"I can slip my hand-irons off."

"Ye can?"

"Yes." And as Julian spoke he drew his right hand from the shackle. His limbs were of that peculiar tapering form, sometimes possessed by persons of finely-built, muscular frames, and his wrists were nearly as large as his hands. The consequence was that an ordinary iron could be removed without much difficulty.

"Now what?" whispered Mark, who seemed to have been helped far along upon the road of hope by this circumstance.

"In the first place," replied the youth, "I can easily remove the rest of our irons."

"Aye, aye," responded the old man, attentively.

"But," pursued Julian, "if we would escape we must dispose of the two men who come to wait upon us."

"Well—you've got a knife."

"And I should not hesitate to use it."

"Hesitate! Would ye think for a moment of hesitating? Good Lord! I'd as soon think o' hesitating about treadin' on a pisen reptile with my boot. You know they'll murder us if they keep us. In course ye won't hesitate there."

"Not a bit of it, Mark, since I am sure we have no other hope. I wouldn't take one of their lives in cold blood, nor out of revenge; but when I think of my mother, and of another fair, fond being, whom I love, I would not hesitate to cut my way through a hundred such villains."

"That's the kind o' talk, me boy. By the gods o' war! but we'll have a try at it. Suppose ye loosen the rest o' the irons, an' then we'll be better prepared in case anything should turn up. We can keep 'em on, ye know, all the same."

"I'll do that," returned the youth. And the work was very simple. He took the irons from his hands, and having felt out a crack in the deck he forced the point of the key into it, and easily turned it so as to slip it out. Then with the bar, thus freed from its shackles, he readily straightened the remainder of the keys. These having been once removed, so that the prisoners were assured that they could be slipped out at any moment, they were put back, and the irons seemed to be as firmly fixed in their places as ever.

And now how should they work out the rest of their plan? They were only two against a host, and the way of escape was narrow indeed, even could the pirates be passed. But death was certain if they remained where they were—so they could not possibly fall into the arms of a worse fate.

CHAPTER XI.

A DARK NIGHT UPON THE SEA!

Mark Warrenton was shrewd enough, and had he been alone he might have planned as well as any one; but from an instinctive deference to one who, though so much younger in years, was his superior in rank, he kept quiet, and awaited the result of Julian's cogitations.

"I can think of but one way," finally spoke our hero.

"Let's have it," said Mark; "I'm ready for anything."

"We must despatch these two men when they come down. The boatswain has just piped to supper, and they'll probably bring us something before long. We can rap them upon the head with the bars of our feet-irons, and if we do it carefully they won't make any noise after it. But that will not suffice. Should we leave them so they might be up and after us before we could gain the deck. We shall be obliged to finish them before we leave them. Then we'll take their hats and jackets, and make the rest of our way as best we can."

"Then we'd better be gettin' ready," returned Mark, "for they may be down afore long."

"We'll do so at once," assented Julian. "There are two stout stanchions just abaft here, between which they will pass. We can station ourselves against them, and be prepared for them."

This seemed very good to the old man, and they went at work at once to put their plan into execution. Their irons were removed and laid aside, with the exception of the long, heavy bars of the feet-shackles, and they then sought out the stanchions, which were unusually large here, for the support of the bitts overhead. It was pitchy dark—so dark that the prisoners could see nothing of each other, but if the pirates came with a lantern they would have light enough.

"Supposin' the capt'n should take a notion to come down first," suggested Mark.

"Then he must be the first to be disposed of," replied Julian, "We have no choice in the matter. If we are detected now, all is lost. 'The first come the first served' in this case."

"Exactly," responded the old man. "I'll take the one that comes nearest to me."

"And take him surely."

"Never fear, me boy. This arm is old, but it's used to such kind o' work. I'll give 'im a rap that'll put 'im in mind of lightnin'."

In a little while it was evident that the men had eaten their suppers, and the prisoners began to watch eagerly for the coming of their attendants. They could hear the voice of the captain on deck, and they could understand that all hands were to be kept up awhile longer. At length a step was heard upon the ladder, and in a moment more the faint glimmering of a light penetrated the deep gloom.

"—s-s-t!" came from the lips of the youth, as the pale beams shot past him. "They are coming!"

"I know," whispered Mark.

There were two of the pirates coming, as before, one of whom carried a lantern, while the other bore a large wooden tray, upon which were food and drink.

"Hallo!" cried he with the lantern, "ye haint gone to sleep without yer supper, have ye?"

"They're stowed away by the foremast, I guess," suggested the other. "Mebbe that plank frightened 'em."

"Shouldn't wonder," responded the first speaker. "Hallo! Where are ye?"

This was spoken just as they came abreast of the staunchions. Julian could now see them both, the one with the lantern being nearest to him. He allowed them to pass on a step farther, and then he raised his weapon. His aim was sure, and when he dealt the blow, which he did with all the power he could command, the villain sank beneath it without even a groan. And Mark had been no less sure. He had watched the movements of his companion, and his bar had kept exact time with the other, and as his blow fell, his man fell with it. Julian caught the lantern in time to prevent it from being extinguished, and then proceeded at once to despatch the fallen pirates. Under almost any other circumstances he would have shrunk from this fatal work; but there was no other alternative, so he dared not hesitate. As soon as the men were both dead, the prisoners stripped off their pea-jackets, and put them on, and then donned their Scotch caps.

"We'd better leave the lantern here," said Mark, when they were ready to start.

"Of course," replied the youth; "and we must put it out, too. Now," he continued, after he had extinguished the light, "we may move on, but we must move carefully. We have a hard chance yet. If we are detected we are gone. I wonder if the brig carries any spare spars over the side."

"She must," answered Mark, "for she has none on her deck."

"Then we may manage to cut away one of them. Come. Be careful, now—but not too careful. Follow me."

Thus speaking, our hero groped his way to the ladder, and cautiously ascended it. As he raised his head above the hatchway, he found that a dense fog had swept out over the sea, and that it was intensely dark. He stepped boldly over the combing upon the deck, and then cast his eyes about him. He could see the dim outlines of some of the men, but not even a form could be distinguished a fathom's distance. He could see no one moving in the larboard gangway, so he went forward upon that side. He stopped at the second port from the bows, and looked around to see if Mark was near him. He found the old man close behind him, and he was upon the point of whispering in his ear, when some one approached the spot where they stood. It was too late to crouch down behind the gun, for they might be detected in the act; so they remained as they were, and the man passed without seeming to notice them, and was quickly lost in the dense darkness.

"Now," whispered Julian, "we'll slip out through this port, and try our luck there."

"Hadn't we better take the end of some of the runnin' riggin' with us?" asked Mark.

"Can you find any handily?"

"Yes. I guess I've got my hand on the to'gallant halliards now."

"Then bring them along. But mind—no noise."

Julian then slipped out through the open port, and he soon satisfied himself that there was a spare spar lashed outside of the chains, and against the edge of the channels.

"It's a topmast," whispered Mark, "an' the heel on't 's lashed to the main chains. We must cut away there first. Give me the knife, an' I'll do it."

"No, no," returned Julian. "We must both go, for 'twill not do to let it fall into the water. We must lower it down, and you can't do that alone."

This was evident enough, so both of them started aft upon the spar. The brig was going through the water at a good rate, but as she was very nearly before the wind, she sailed steadily upon an even keel, so there was little danger of the adventurers losing their balance upon their dubious footing, as they groped their way along in the thick gloom. The main chains were reached, and the lashing found, and while Mark made fast the end of the rope which he had brought with him, Julian went at work upon the fastenings of the spar. His knife cut slowly in the hard, tar-crusted cord, but he persevered, and at length had the satisfaction of feeling the lashing give way.

"Have you got your rope fast?" he asked.

"All fast," responded Mark.

"Then stand by."

In a little while longer Julian found that the spar was going, and he put up his knife, and moved along to lend his companion a hand, but he was too late. He had severed more than half the turns of the lashing, and the rest gave quickly away. It was too dark for him to make much haste, and as it was impossible for the old man to hold the ponderous mast alone, he was forced to let it go. It fell into the water with a loud plash, and in a moment more they heard the sounds of snapping strands forward. The sudden falling of the heel of the heavy spar had operated like an immense lever, or heaver, upon the lashing at the fore-chains, twisting it asunder like a whip-cord. Our hero saw the mishap in a moment. He knew that the mast was gone, and in a moment more he heard the halliard snap. Then came a heavy bump upon the brig's run, as the spar was thrown against it, and then sounded the voice of the pirate captain.

"Leap! leap!" cried Julian. "We can easily find the mast!"

Mark Warrenton needed no second order. He sprang out into the sea, and on the next instant his companion was by his side.

"What is that?" thundered Grunker, as the sounds of plashing water and rending ropes fell upon his ear. He sprang to the side and looked over, but he could see nothing in the dense gloom.

"Bring lanterns here—quick!" he cried. "Where's the quartermaster?"

"Here, sir," answered that functionary.

"Bring lanterns here at once."

There were two lanterns at the wheel, and as soon as they could be lighted, they were taken to the side.

"The spare topmast is gone!" exclaimed the boatswain. And as he spoke he caught one of the lanterns, and went out into the chains to examine the lashing.

"This lashin' was cut!" he said, with an oath that might have startled any one not so hardened as himself. "There's half the turns have been cut short off!"

"Where are those two prisoners?" cried Grunker, starting back from the bulwarks. "By the fiends of darkness, there's mischief here!"

He caught a lantern as he spoke, and hurried down the main hatchway, followed by nearly all his officers.

"There they lay—both of 'em!" said Cartham, as he caught a glimpse at the two prostrate forms.

But the captain made no reply. He hastened forward, and held the lantern down to the faces of the seeming sleepers, and as the pale, cold features were revealed by the struggling light, he recognized two of his stoutest men. They were stiff and dead, and the blood lay in pools about them.

"Death and furies!" he gasped, "what manner of men are they that thus set me at defiance? By the gods, if I can but once place my eyes upon them again, they shall know what torture is! A hundred guineas for the boat's crew that overhauls them and brings them back!"

He hastened on deck, nearly frantic with rage and excitement.

"Down with the cutter!" he cried. "The dogs cannot have gone far!"

"But," interposed the lieutenant, "how will the boat ever find the way back in such darkness?"

"We'll hoist signal lights," replied the captain.

"And then the man-o'-war can make us out."

"Death of my body and soul!" the maddened chieftain gnashed forth, "and are they to escape me thus? Must I be thwarted—my best men butchered under my very eye—my own life nearly let out—and yet have no power of revenge?"

"There are men who will go in the boat if you say so, sir," said Cartham.

"No, no. We should only lose them. It is as you say—she would never find her way back; and for us to lay-to and run up a light would only be to give our brig to the enemy. Let them go. Let them go. If the sea does not swallow them up, I shall find them again. And if I do find them, they'll never be found again on this side of the other world! Keep on all sail, sir, and call me if anything new happens. By the powers above me, I'll find them if they be upon the face of the earth!"

As the pirate chief ceased speaking he pressed his hand hard upon the old wound, and walked to the companion-way as though he were in pain.

In the meantime Julian and Mark had both gained the spar, and in a very few moments the brig was beyond their sight. They had much difficulty at first in keeping their places, as the mast had a tendency to roll over and over in the water, but finally they contrived to keep an even balance, and thus sat more easily. Their next object, of course, was to look out for the man-of-war, which they supposed must be very nearly in the pirate's wake, and to this they both turned their attention. For half an hour they watched without hearing anything but the breaking of the waves over their frail support, but at the end of that time Mark was sure he heard a plashing of the water to the windward.

"It's a vessel of some sort," he said.

"I hear it," returned our hero. "It must be the man-of-war, of course. I pray God she may find us!"

In a little while the rush of water could be plainly heard, and presently Mark cried out that he could see the vessel's lofty sails.

"There she is. D'ye see?"

Julian could not see which way his companion pointed, but the sound he had heard led his gaze in the right direction, and he could just distinguish a dark mass, like a shapeless cloud, moving swiftly upon the water. But they were not directly in its course. It was to the eastward of them, while they would have had it nearer south. Yet they resolved to make all the effort in their power. The rush of the vessel through the water not only now sounded distinctly upon their ears, but her hull and sails could be seen about four points to the eastward of the wind's direction. They both cried out at the top of their voices—they exerted their lungs to the utmost—but without seeming effect.

"She's passin' us!" said Mark, hoarsely.

"One more trial," urged Julian.

And it was made, but the result was as before. The brig—for a brig they believed it was—was abreast of them, and at some distance off. In a few moments more she passed. The adventurers could see the phosphorescent sparkling of the foam that was dashed away from her bows, and they could see the same light in the broken crests that gathered in her wake. Again and again the sea-tossed wanderers shouted with all their might—they struggled with their hands and feet to force the mast nearer to the passing vessel—but their efforts were all in vain. The long line of foam disappeared—the dark hull was lost to view—and very soon the top-hamper was swallowed up in the all-absorbing gloom.

"That hope is gone!" said Julian, a few moments after the brig had disappeared.

"Yes," responded Mark. "But 'twas a hard chance to make 'em hear at such a distance."

"Never mind. We may fall in with better luck by day-light," said the youth, hopefully.

"God send we may!" was the old man's reply.

"I can only regret," added Julian, "that I have brought this upon you. For myself I care not so much, but that you should be forced to the bitter end on my account gives me the utmost pain."

"What d'ye mean by that?" asked Mark, coming very nigh losing his seat as he moved nearer to his companion, but finally managed to regain his equilibrium.

"I mean that had it not been for me you would not have been here. I know that I am the individual against whom the evil is aimed, and that you suffer only because you are my friend and companion, and might, if you were free, busy yourself in fathoming the secret of the enmity which is held against me."

"And this is a sample of the confidence ye repose in my love for ye," returned Mark, reproachfully.

"No, no, Mark—not that. It is my love for you."

"Then I don't want such love. If ye can't feel that our lots are cast together, I don't want ye to tell me of it. The Lord's mercy!—See how we've stood shoulder to shoulder, and hand to hand, for fifteen long years. How many a time has your good sword shielded me in the hour of danger—and how many's the time I've done the like for you. D'ye think I could a' kept away from ye if I'd a' know'd you was right here on this very spar, all alone, an' I could a' reached ye?"

"I know your noble, generous heart, Mark."

"Then don't let me hear another lisp o' such talk. I won't have it. We've been together too long to be parted now. We'll sink or swim in company."

"We may sink, Mark."

"Then so be it. We'd better sink where we are than be butchered by pirates."

Julian reached forward and caught the hand of his faithful friend; and thus they floated away over the dark waters!

CHAPTER XII.

ESCAPING INTO THE LION'S MOUTH.

Daylight at length broke over the sea, and as the sun arose, and the fog swept away, our adventurers could see that they were being drifted to the northward. The breeze freshened with the rising of the sun, coming out from the southward, and as the long swells were thus broken, the mast became more unsteady, and they found it difficult to retain their seats. Julian, however, discovered that quite a piece of the halliard, which Mark had made fast to lower the spar by, was trailing after them, and having hauled this in they were enabled to rig a sort of life-line by which they could hold themselves more securely. After this they took a careful survey of the horizon, but no sail met their gaze.

"I wish we'd thought to take some o' the wittles that was brought to us last night," said Mark, who began to feel the gnawings of hunger.

"We shall need water first," returned Julian.

"Aye—that'll be the first pinch, I know," the old man added. "But we may see a sail afore night. We must be near the course of some of the Scotch traders."

"That's what I've been a thinking of, Mark. I have a strong presentiment that we are not to die thus."

"Well," responded Mark, "I kind o' feel so, too; but, howsumever, if the worst comes, we've got the satisfaction of knowin' that them infernal pirates didn't get our lives. I'd rather die here."

"But we won't die!" said Julian, whose youthful heart beat more hopefully. "We'll fall in with some vessel before night."

The old man seemed to gain courage from his companion's tone, and soon became quite cheerful in his conversation. But this cheerfulness could not last long on either side. As the sun rolled up towards its meridian hight its beams fell strong and scorching upon the adventurers, and their palates began to parch with thirst. Noon came, and no vessel was in sight. For over half an hour no word had been spoken by either of them. Even Julian's hope seemed to be failing him, though he strove to hide the feeling. He opened his mouth to admit the fresh air, and occasionally bathed his lips and brow with sea water. He was thus engaged when an exclamation from Mark arrested his attention.

"It's a sail!" the old man cried, as though he had been watching the object for some time.

"Where?" quickly asked our hero, wiping the salt water from his brow so that it should not run into his eyes.

"There," returned Mark, pointing off to the south'ard and east'ard. "D'ye see it?"

Julian did see a small speck upon the horizon.

"It may be a sail," he said, hopefully.

"I know it is," returned the old man. "I seed it some time ago, and I've been a watchin' it. At first it wasn't no bigger'n my hand, an' now, ye see, it's big as a gull!"

"Aye—it does rise!" the youth exclaimed, after he had watched it awhile. "It's a sail, Mark!"

"I know it is," was the confident response.

"And it must be coming this way."

"In course it must."

Hope now burned brightly within the bosoms of the two companions. They watched the object till they could distinctly make out a square sail, and then they began to talk of escape. Ere long the approaching vessel lifted the heads of her topsails to sight, and Julian was enabled to judge something of her course. When he could see the whole of her topsails he was sure that she had the wind upon her larboard quarter, and that she was consequently standing to the north'rd and west'rd.

"Mark," he said, with startling energy, "she'll just about hit us! We are not a mile to the south'rd of her course."

"I think so," responded the old man, measuring the distance with his eye.

In half an hour more all doubt was set at rest. The vessel was a Scotch brig, heavily laden, and heading almost directly for the floating spar. As she came nearer Julian swung his pea-jacket in the air, and he knew that they had been seen, for the brig's course was slightly altered, and presently her courses were clewed up, her main-topsail laid aback, and her stern-boat lowered; and in twenty minutes more the two adventurers were upon her deck. The captain was a burley, broad-shouldered, good-natured looking man, and he had sense enough to attend to the physical necessities of the rescued men ere he asked them many questions. They were not far exhausted, however, nor so affected by thirst, but that proper care soon revived them; and when Julian felt his blood coursing more steadily beneath his pulse, he related to the officers of the brig the circumstances attending his adventure, only omitting those things which would be calculated to provoke inquiries which he could not answer. When he had concluded, the captain, whose name was Moore, remarked:

"I've heard of this pirate more'n I like; and yet I've sailed in these waters for fifteen years, and never happened to run foul of him."

"But he can't have been here all the time," suggested our hero.

"O bless you, no. He only makes his appearance here once in two or three years. He's been heard of in the Baltic—then in the channels—and then on the coast of France; but the North Sea seems to be his most general haunt, and on the coast somewhere, or on some island, he's got a snug rendezvous. But I guess we'll run in without meeting him."

"You are bound for some Scotch port?" said Julien.

"Yes. For Leith; so you'll find no difficulty in making your way back to Yorkire, as coaches leave Edinburgh every day for the south."

"And when do you think you'll get in?"

"If this wind holds we'll make the run in eight-and-forty hours."

After this Julian and his companion were shown to a broad bunk where they could both lay, and they had been upon their pillows but a short time ere they were both sound asleep. It was near night when they retired, and they did not awake until after daylight on the following morning. They were much refreshed by their sleep, and after partaking of a good breakfast they felt about as strong as ever. An hour after this, as they sat in the cabin with the captain, the mate put his head down the companion-way, and informed his superior that there was a strange sail in sight on the lee bow.

"What is she?" asked the captain.

"I think she's a brig, sir," was the answer.

At this Moore went on deck, and Julian and Mark quickly followed him. The sail was not only plainly seen about four points on the lee bow, but it was easy enough to tell that it was a brig. The captain took the glass, and having gazed upon the stranger a few moments, he remarked:

"It's a brig fast enough and she seems to be standing across our course, with the wind on her beam. Mr. Glendower, will you look at her."

Our hero took the glass, and having looked awhile he said he would go aloft and take a better observation. So he made his way to the fore-top, and from thence he ascended the topmast rigging until he could look over the topsail yard. From this point he gazed until he was perfectly satisfied, and then returned to the quarterdeck.

"Could you make her out?" asked the captain.

"Very well," returned Julian, dubiously.

"You don't mean to say that the North Sea Rover?"

"I must say so, sir."

"The pirate?" cried Mr. Sweeny, the mate.

"It is the pirate," replied Julian; "and he sees us, too."

"And you think he'll make for us?" said Captain Moore.

"He is doing it now. He has changed his course, so as to cut us off."

"But you're sure it's the pirate?"

"Of course I am."

"Then we'd better run, for I'm willing to own that I have no particular desire to fall in with him. I've heard that he has little mercy."

"None at all," said the mate.

"Not a bit," added Mark; "an' he'll be likely to have less now than ever."

"We'll make a run for it, at all events, and I guess I'll try him on the wind, as that will bring him dead to leeward of us."

So the order was given for putting down the helm, and bracing up the yards, and when this was done the men began to gather aft, for they had gained intelligence of the impending danger. In an hour from that time it became apparent to all who were watching that the pirate was not only gaining, but gaining very rapidly. The trader was not only a clumsy sailer at best, but her heavy load set her so deep in the water now, that she was more stubborn than usual.

"That villain will overhaul us before noon," said the captain, after he had taken a long look at the pirate.

"There is no mistake about that," returned Julian. "I can see no possibility of escape."

"Nor I," added Moore, turning to the taffrail, and taking a look through his glass at the pursuer. "I can see the bloody scoundrels crowding about her bows, and I think I see one man who stands a full head above his companions."

"Aye," responded Julian; "that is the fiend himself."

"The pirate chief?"

"Yes."

"And how many men has he?"

"I think not over thirty, now—has he, Mark?"

"Not more'n that," replied the old man.

"How many men have you?" our hero asked of the captain.

"All told I've got fourteen. I make fifteen."

"And we make seventeen," added the youth. "And now, will your men stand by you in case of need?"

"I can depend upon 'em, sir. Aye—I can swear by 'em."

Upon this both men turned to gaze upon the pirate. Our hero was more anxious than he was willing to own, and he knew that Mark was the same. Should the pirate overhaul and capture them, he and his companion would be lost past all earthly hope, while, if no resistance was made, the trader's crew might be spared after their vessel had been robbed. Hence he did not like to urge them to resistance against a number so much greater than their own. It would appear that for his own safety he had sacrificed those who had saved him from a watery grave.

"I cannot ask them to show fight," he said to Mark, in a tone which could not be overheard by others.

"Then we're goners," returned the old man.

"But could you urge them to it?"

"Well, Julian, I can't say as I would, for if there aren't no resistance made, the crew o' this brig'll be likely to get off without bodily harm."

"Aye—and the more especially as we are on board," added the youth. "If Dixon Grunker can gain possession of us, he'll consider that he's made haul enough for one prize."

They were here interrupted by the captain.

"Mr. Glendower," he said, "I have been conversing with my officers, and we have made up our minds to resist the villains to the last. May we count upon your assistance?"

"Is it your real wish to fight them?" the youth asked.

"To the death!" was the reply.

"Then," cried Julian, seizing Moore by the hand with a warm enthusiasm, "you may count upon the arms of Mark Warrenton and myself while we have life in us. What arms have you?"

"O, all us Scotchmen go well armed in these waters. There are twenty good cutlasses, and a dozen brace of pistols, and ammunition enough. Ye see we feel safer with such things aboard, and the owners consider that they lose nothing by finding them."

"Then," said our hero, with a burst of hopeful enthusiasm, "we will win the day. I know those fellows will run us by the board, and then try to pour in upon our deck; but we can, if we will, give them such a reception as will astonish them."

"One thing more," pursued the captain, hesitating at first, but speaking more freely as he went on, "I'm only a coaster—a trader—a good sailor enough in my way—and can handle a craft as well as the next man, but I aren't so used to fighting as you are. So would ye mind it if I should resign the command into your hands for the next few hours? I'll serve faithfully under you."

"Why," replied Julian, "I am willing to give you the benefit of my knowledge and experience."

"But that won't do? Will ye take command? I can fight, and so can my men; but there might be many little things of help in such a time that I shouldn't think of. Come, you're a man-o-wars-man, and an officer, and we shall all feel confidence in you."

"He's the man for ye," said Mark, giving the captain a suggestive nod.

"And he'll comply with my request, too."

"Well," replied Julian, "since you wish it, I will not refuse. So now let's have up the arms, and have the men called aft."

Captain Moore seemed much pleased with the arrangement he had thus effected. He was a brave man—as brave as need be—but he was a man of judgment as well. He knew that the race was not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. A man better versed in the tactics of warfare would be sure to work to better advantage than he could work.

The pirate was now not more than three miles distant, and coming along rapidly. In an hour, at the outside, she would be within hailing distance, and her guns could be brought to bear before that time, for she sailed nearly twice as fast as did the trader. The pistols and cutlasses were brought on deck and examined, and when the pistols had all been loaded, the men were called upon the quarter deck. They were stout, bold, hardy looking fellows; and though some of them showed a quiver of the lip as they gazed off upon the pirate, yet there was nothing like shrinking in their mien.

Captain Moore explained to them that Mr. Glendower would take command. "So I shall be one of you," he said, "and we'll stand together, or we'll fall together. For my part, before I would fall into the hands of the bloodthirsty villains, I would spill the last drop of my blood."

"So would I," cried one of the men—one who had shown a quivering lip at first.

"And I"—"And I" was the answer, until all had spoken.

"Then," said Julian, "we have gained half the battle already, for I feel assured that if you will all stand by me, and obey me to the letter, we'll send the villains off with a loss they little expect. I know their number is double our own, and that they are desperate characters; but we shall fight upon our own deck, and they must gain a footing here ere they can strike. That footing shall cost them dear!"

There was something in the bearing of the young lieutenant that inspired the men with true courage, and they swore to stand by and obey him to the end. There were thirteen pairs of good pistols, and these were distributed first. Every man had one, and the other nine were given to those nine men who could use them to the best advantage. There were cutlasses enough and to spare, and so there was no trouble on that point.

In the meantime the pirate had come so near that her shot would reach, and she commenced firing one of her bow guns. For a while there was but little danger from these salutes, but finally, as the distance decreased, the shot began to whistle a little too plainly, and Julian suggested that their main topsail should be laid aback. This was accordingly done, and as the brig lost her headway, the pirate came swiftly up.

"Now," said Julian, "calling the men about him, "listen to me, and be prepared to act with energy and decision. The pirate will evidently round to under our lee, and at once grapple, and then pour in upon us. Now our plan must be to show no signs of resistance until the very moment when we must act; so you will keep your weapons out of sight until you want to use them. I want each man to be numbered, and be sure to remember that number. Now—I will be number one."

"Number two," said Mark.

"Number three," added Captain Moore.

Mr. Sweeny was number four; and so they went on until they were all told off, up to seventeen.

"Now," resumed Julian, "number one shall consider that he must shoot down the first man who touches our rail next to the stern. Number two shall take the next one forward, and so on. In this way we shall have no shots wasted, and each of us will know just where to look for a mark. Do you understand me?"

The men said they did. Our hero's next object was to instruct them so that they might leap to their places at a moment's notice, and without confusion; and when this had been accomplished he instructed them to huddle about the quarter-deck as though they were frightened, and entertained no idea of resistance. After this he went over with his instructions again, and finally he believed the men all understood him.

"Remember," he said, as the enemy came ploughing along upon their lee quarter with a good breeze, "every pirate you shoot down at first will leave you the less to grapple with afterwards. Be quick in your movements, but be sure of your aim. Take courage—be of good heart—and may God help us in our need!"

Then Julian and Mark moved back, so that they could not be recognized by the pirates until the moment of struggle should come, for their presence would give the lie at once to any idea of peaceful surrender. The pirate brig swept on a few lengths further—then came into the wind with her courses clewed up, and as she came about, and gathered headway her topsail sheets were let go, and the clues were hauled up. It was a clever manœuver, and it was so cleverly done that the two vessels touched, side by side, almost without a shock. Half-a-dozen grapplings were thrown and secured, and then the swarthy, blood-thirsty villains rushed to the rail. For a moment all was breathless anxiety on board the trader, but her men were firm of purpose, and only awaited the signal from their youthful leader.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

WOMAN'S DESIRE OF BEAUTY.

"Women have always thought too much of beauty," says some sensible male writer. Will he please to state their reasons for the same the next time he undertakes to write an article? What would *they* care for beauty if men did not? How much would *they* worry about looks if men would be as apt to show respect and love for ugliness as for beauty?

Women are made to desire the love of men; they can't help it. Who can resist God? and didn't he implant that desire? But men are notional; and there is no pleasing them without beauty, or something that *seems to them* to be beauty; and *that is why* women think so much of the endowment.

Even among children at school the game is begun. See how the little boys play devoted to the pretty little girls, and how they neglect or tease and abuse the plain ones. They are only doing now what they (as a general thing) continue to do through life. Here and there there may be (there *are*) plain girls and women who attract more than the beauties do; but such cases are exceptional, and owing to some mental or especial merit, or gifts. They in no way invalidate our position.

That man's love for homely women is strongest and most enduring, *when once it has settled on such*, has nothing to do with the fact that now occupies our attention: that beauty wins the attention and awakes the love of man, while plainness has a tendency to repel him.

To be sure, this fact only shows how foolish the lords of creation are; and they had much better turn their efforts towards getting the better of such folly, instead of rebuking women for what is only the natural consequence of their own habit, and which will continue as long as that habit endures, or until woman ceases to care for the love and notice of man. Would he *like to see* that time?

G. H.

TALKING AND ACTING.

How much easier it is to talk of noble and kindly qualities than it is to exercise them. Some people have such a gift of happily presenting to the imagination of their hearers, all-magnanimous states of mind, that the heart even of the most narrowly contrived mortal throbs with a desire to enter into them. These eloquent beings are perhaps set for finger-boards and lanterns to show people the right direction, but many of them were certainly never intended for guides to *lead the way*, inasmuch as whenever they are solicited to act in accordance with their own teachings, they *never have any time to do so.*

That is a good saying "Where there is a will there is a way," and there is another like unto it: "When there is a will there is generally sufficient *time.*" How surprisingly seeing behind the scenes takes away the enthusiasm with which one witnesses a play, and how seeing the practice of a man affects the force of his preaching—either favorably or the reverse. If you want to consider your minister, or your favorite political orator, or your any body else, as something of a semi-angelic being, you had better keep as far away from him in his daily walk and conversation, as you conveniently can.

THE worthiest people are the most assailed by slander; as we usually find that to be the best fruit which the birds have been pecking at.

THE VIOLETS.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

Katharine, lay aside a moment all your languid, belle-like ways,
Push away those porcelain vases—jeweled prisons for bouquets—
Nay, the fuchsias and geraniums, and camelias white and clear—
Turn your eyes from them a moment, just to see what I have here.
There! the smile I half expected, curls around your pretty mouth,
At the sight of these poor violets—children of the sunny South—
And you arch your jetty eyebrows, half in scorn and half in pride;
Yes—I bought them for a penny, in the street, as they were cried!

Yesterday, if you remember, in the vase that's empty now,
Bright geraniums, crimson roses, mixed and mingled, drooping low,
Filling all the room with perfume, fresh as if with drops of dew—
Drops as false as was the giver, for they came from Devereux.
No, they are not dead or faded—so you need not smile, or sigh—
You will hear of them, it may be, if you come to see me die.
For the present, gift or giver must not be too deeply dear,
So—the vase a little closer—so I place the violets here.

How you sit and gaze upon them! Katharine, if your flashing eyes
Lost their pride less seldom, in that glance of sad surprise,
I could find the heart to tell you what those flowers say to me,
Of a sky more fair than this is, and a land beyond the sea.
It was in a grove of maples, and beside the mossy grave,
Where I laid my poor Newfoundland—(oh how true he was, and brave!)
That I walked with one who loved me, just one year ago to-day,
And the violets, in the sunshine, glinted all along our way.

Pretty, little, azure blossoms! on the river banks they smiled—
Round the seat that we had chosen they were fairly running wild;
They were breathing out their incense on the sunny Sabbath air,
They were nestling in my bosom, they were braided in my hair.
Arthur's lip and hand had touched them—Arthur's eyes had matched their hue—
Arthur's eyes had breathed above them, and his tears had been their dew;
What a dreary look you give me, you have guessed my secret soon;
Yes, the flowers and love are faded—my life is past its noon!

Faded! *Ah, but not forgotten!* Though of late, as you can see,
I have made myself a sharer in the false world's falsity.
For a bosom friend I've chosen an enchantress like to you!
For the old true love—a title, and the Count of Devereux!
Let your fan of peacock's feathers flutter downwards to the floor—
Speak some word of kindly meaning, for my heart is very sore.
You are silent. Ah, you will not! Lady Katharine, let it be—
To a beauty and an heiress, what is this but mockery?

Fold your robe of sheeny satin round your coldly beating heart;
Smile—*but turn your smiling from me*—at these bitter tears that start;
Say to Devereux this evening, as he leans upon my chair,
That you saw me with my violets—melting—trembling—in despair!
He would smile, as if in wonder—oh I know the look so well!
I should murmur my denial, though my weary heart would swell!
Lady Katharine, at my bridal, in this golden locket set,
Arthur's flowers will cry against me, as I take my coronet!

THE CONSPIRATORS;

OR,

THE TWO FRIENDS.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

One evening, during the siege of Boston, two young men were walking arm in arm along the public green called "the Common." They conversed familiarly, and like two who were closely intimate. Their appearance and attire showed them to belong to the wealthy class of citizens. In age they were nearly equal, both being about one-and-twenty.

One of them was dark and handsome, with a fiery glance and open, bold and animated features. The other was fair, with light blue eyes, and a profile of almost effeminate delicacy; yet he was the taller of the two.

The sun was just setting. The tents of Washington's army were visible upon the distant hights over the back bay. There was a truce that day, and not only these two young men, but hundreds of the citizens, who were detained in their captured city by the tyrannical orders of General Howe, thronged the Common to gaze wistfully upon the tents and military works of their countrymen, without danger from their shot and shells.

A painful duty it was for the American soldiers to bombard a place which contained so many of their own fellow-citizens; but in this world the innocent everywhere share the evils which fall upon the guilty.

The two young men were both "Boston boys," born in the same street, and had grown up together.

Their names were Robert Goodenow and Laurence Hastings. The latter was the son of a colonial secretary, appointed by the English crown, but of American birth, the former the son of one of the most opulent of the merchant princes which had built up the power and glory of Boston by their daring and successful commerce to all parts of the earth.

"I am delighted to see the citizens come out and breathe the fresh air without fear of shot," said Robert Goodenow, he with the black eyes and bold, animated countenance. "I wish this truce would foreshadow peace forever! Why should men of the same blood, faith and tongue war against one another?"

This was spoken with feeling and energy. "This whole war is unnatural!"

His companion looked at him out of the side of his eye, as if reading his soul furtively, and said—

"Goodenow, don't you think that England ought to withdraw her troops, and leave us to ourselves?"

"I am glad to hear you say so! Yes, by all means! We are in the right, and the mother country clearly in the wrong. But this is dangerous talk, were I not confident I spoke to a friend."

"You can speak freely, as I will, Robert. It is true Howe has imprisoned three or four persons who have uttered your sentiments too openly; but between friends like us there need be no reserve!" and he smiled in the eyes of his companion.

"None, Laurence. As to expressing opinions, I am a free man, and not a slave!"

"No, we are not slaves! Howe cannot put locks upon our lips. I agree with you, since you have spoken out so freely, Robert, that the king is in the wrong."

"I am rejoiced to hear this confession from your lips!"

"And why so from mine?"

"Well, because your father was an officer of the crown, and I did not know but that you might be influenced by his opinions, since I hear he openly declared himself a Tory yesterday at Howe's table!"

"My father's opinions and mine are not necessarily the same! I am old enough to form my own!"

"Then you are an American at heart, Laurence, with us all?"

"How could I be otherwise? I was born in Boston, and my fathers before me. It is true my ancestors have been paid Crown officers here, but why should that prevent me from being a revolutionist when the Crown plays the tyrant over the land of my birth?"

"I am now happy, Laurence. I feared, after the news yesterday, to meet you. I made the remark I did in the beginning to feel your pulse."

"And you see it beats evenly with yours!"

"Yes. And now let me say how strange it seems to me that any one born in America can go with England in this vital struggle."

"George has proved himself a tyrant, don't you think so?"

"Yes. Caligula was a saint along side of him. What with this corrupt king and his base ministry, our poor country will have to rouse all its resources to throw off the chains they have sent over in their ships of war to put upon us! I speak boldly, Laurence! But I feel that my words fall upon the ear of a friend and compatriot!"

"Do not doubt me! Yet your caution seems to me like suspicion! Trust me freely, Robert, or let us part!"

"Pardon me, my friend! I will no longer doubt. Now listen to me. Secretly I and seventy young men have been organizing a company to offer ourselves to Washington. I am their captain. I proposed your name as second in command, but——"

"But what?"

"Frankly, your loyalty to the revolutionary cause was called in question. I took your part. The result was, finding you were not fully trusted, I determined to see you and talk with you. This interview has decided me. I am ready to pledge my life to my friends for your trustworthiness!"

"And you do me but justice, Robert. I will accept the rank you offer me with pleasure. It is, however, a source of pain to me to have been suspected!"

"This suspicion was grounded wholly on your father's openly declared Toryism!"

"I accept the explanation. When do you meet again, and where?"

"To-night, and in the house at the corner of Dock Square, the occupant of which is my friend, though an Englishman!"

"The five-sided edifice, with as many gables?"

"Yes. At eight o'clock we assemble, one at a time, and entering by different ways. There we drill with stocking feet, and are as noiseless as the grave. It is now December. In a few days the back bay will be frozen over, and we propose crossing at midnight on the ice to Washington's camp."

"It will be perilous! You will be discovered and cannonaded!" said Hastings, trying to conceal his surprise at the revelations so confidentially made to him by his trustful friend.

"Perhaps so. We must run our risks. A few may fall, but the main body will reach the camp. Death, even, is better than this state of captivity and constant espionage. Boston is become a military Inquisition. No man knows whom to speak to. It realizes the words of Scripture—

'The brother shall deliver up the brother to death, and the father the child; and a man's foes shall be they of his own household.'"

"Upon my honor, Robert, you are severe," answered Laurence, coloring.

"Yet not the less true!"

At this moment a gentleman, handsomely attired in blue velvet coat, drab breeches, gold buckles at knee and upon shoe, a cocked hat and powdered wig, drew near, with a lovely girl leaning upon his arm. On the other side of her walked two English officers, who both tried to converse with her. She was a tall (not too tall), symmetrical girl of eighteen, dressed in the highest fashion "of hoop and farthingale," brocade and hair-powder. Her violet eyes seemed to vail stars of Heaven, and her smile was to the eye like the perfume of flowers to the sense of smell. The ear trembled to her voice as to the chords of music, and poetry was itself embodied in every motion of her form.

"There is the Honorable Mr. Otis and his southern niece," said Robert, coloring with pleasurable emotion. "I heard she had arrived from Charleston, and that she was very beautiful; but lo! the half had not been told me!"

As he spoke the maiden chanced to raise her starry eyes, and by some magical sympathy their glances met, were interchanged, and, like arrows shot by chance, pierced one another's souls! A tide of pleasure rushed like a wild torrent through his heart, and dizziness seized his brain, and without being aware of the act, he raised his hat impulsively, and did lowly homage to the presence and the power of the fair vision of love and beauty.

"A Dian! a Hebe! a Madonna! all in one! A combination and fusion of three new graces!" exclaimed Hastings, as she passed. "You know her, then? I envy you! She is my destiny from this hour! I shall never look upon another woman while she treads the earth!"

"I see you are deeply wounded by her arrowy eyes, Laurence," said Robert. "But you mistake. I do not know her. I never saw her before. I am not *sure* that it is Miss Otis, but I presume so."

"Why did you bow?"

"I could not help the homage!"

"I see!"

"What do you see?"

"That your heart is in it!"

"I do not vouch it is not. She has, at any rate, created a sensation in the region of my heart which I never felt before! a commotion which only her wand can compose!"

"In love?"

"No! Yet. I dare say yes! I hardly know what love is! But if it is the new and strange and delightful emotion I now experience even at the thought of her, I think I must be in love, Laurence!"

"She is the most beautiful creature I ever saw! I mean to fall in love with her too!"

Both of the young gentleman laughed pleasantly and walked on. Soon Laurence said:

"Then you are willing to accept me into your company?"

"Yes."

"But suppose you should afterwards repent and betray me?"

"Betray you! How do you mean? I do not comprehend the word used by you in relation to me?"

"Do not take me up in such a surprised fashion. I mean, if you should be discovered and arrested, you would not compromise me!"

"Laurence, you hurt me! I would cut off my right hand before I could betray a friend—much more you!"

"Then let us be frank and free! Are you willing, before you escape from Boston with your guard, to try and take General Howe prisoner?"

"A bold idea! I am glad you suggested it!"

"It would be easy! You could then conduct him to Washington, and a better letter of introduction to the rebel chief you would not want!"

"I like the idea; but I do not like to hear you call Washington a rebel chief!"

"Did I? Pardon me! It was a slip! Hearing these English and tories speak of him so often by this title I dare say I have caught it."

"Very naturally."

It now grew dark, and the young men leaving the Common re-entered the city, and each sought his own abode.

At eight o'clock both met again at the corner of the Market, and Robert introduced his friend to the secret conclave of young men who were organizing the military force. To their papers Laurence subscribed his name, after taking the oath of fealty and secresy.

Three evenings afterwards, the father of Robert Goodenow, who was the banker of Mr. Otis, gave him a parcel of letters and bills to take to the latter. He was admitted into his library, where he beheld again his lovely niece. The perusal of and reply to the papers required an hour and more of delay. During this interval two young hearts can do a great deal of love! An hour! Kingdoms have been lost in an hour! Crowns have been won in an hour! The events of millions of men's lives have been influenced by an hour's acts! An hour of to-day may be the seed which contains the history of the world for a thousand years to come!

Robert Goodenow made good use of that happy hour! Two hearts became one heart in that sweet, swift time; and hands that never met before that hour, now stole into each other to pledge the seal of unison upon the nuptials of their spirits!

The honorable gentleman engaged in the papers knew not what use the bearer of the despatches behind his chair was making of his leisure. With the returned papers, Robert Goodenow carried away a pure heart and a ring of gold, leaving a true heart and a ring of gold in exchange.

The very morning of that day, accompanied by his father, the Tory ex-Colonial Secretary, Laurence Hastings had visited the Honorable Mr. Otis, and sent his card up to the niece. The two gentlemen had business together, and the two young persons were left together in the drawing-room.

Hastings did his best to make an impression; but beyond mere politeness he received no encouragement. There was no congeniality! Their eyes met without striking fire. He tried in vain to throw warmth into the pale-blue icy gaze he fixed upon her warm, sunny eyes. He fell each moment deeper and deeper into love; but she seemed constantly to ascend higher and higher from his level. Yet he resolved to win her! trusting to his family, his person, his wealth and position! How different the effect afterwards, the same evening, of Robert's presence upon the heart of the fair maid!

At length, after a few days, Hastings discovered that Robert was his rival! He became satisfied that they loved one another with all their hearts.

He was now hostile to his friend. The coldness of Octavia Otis only increased his passion and deepened his hatred of Robert. In his vanity he fancied that if she had never seen Goodenow she would have loved him! An idea occurred to him! He thought that if Robert could be removed out of the way the field would be open to himself! This idea was fed until it swelled into the hideous monster of treachery!

That night, as General Howe was seated in his military office at the Colonial Government mansion, his page announced:

"Mr. Hastings!"

"Show him in? Ah, young sir, I am glad to see you! Your visit assures me that the rumors I have heard that you were sympathizing with the rebel party are unfounded. It would be a pity that so loyal a father as yours should have a treacherous son!"

Hastings colored at the last words, but the expression of his face did not betray from what sort of emotion.

"I trust that you will to-night have proof of my loyalty, General!" he said.

"What? Have you news?"

"Important!"

"Sit down, sir! We are alone! What have you to reveal?"

"A conspiracy?"

"Ah, indeed! Another?"

"One more formidable than the one you are thinking of. There is a band of seventy young men who are under full military organization, which has nightly meetings in the city. Their object is to escape as soon as the ice is strong enough to the rebel camp, and——"

"You hesitate!"

"I need not! and carry your excellency with them as a prisoner, to be delivered up to George Washington!"

"S'death! You are sure of this?"

"I have proofs. Here are the sign manuals of every member of the conclave!"

As he spoke he laid before the English general the papers which all the young soldiers had signed, and which he had that very evening surreptitiously abstracted from the secretary's desk; having attended the meeting for the purpose of carrying out his meditated treachery against his friend and rival!

"This is treason and rebellion and conspiracy all at once! A military company! And at the head of it young Robert Goodenow, the son of the wealthy banker?"

"The same!"

"I see your name here too, sir!"

"How could I have obtained the secresy of this conspiracy, your excellency, if I had not joined it!"

"True! You are a profounder young man than I believed. You have done your part well! Your service to the crown shall not be forgotten herein! These young rebels shall all be arrested and imprisoned. I will at once order a force out for the purpose! You will guide them!"

"Pardon me, your excellency. I have one favor to ask!"

"Granted already!"

"That the king may know the service I have done, I wish the ringleader, Goodenow, should be sent to London for trial!"

"He shall be!"

"A vessel sails the day after to-morrow. Will you send him by it?"

"Yes. The sooner the better! What other favor?"

"Only that instead of arresting the whole party in assembly they should be arrested individually, as a battle would take place if openly done! They are brave and resolute, and will not yield!"

"Your suggestion is wise."

"One more request; that the disposal of the fate of young Edward Hancock Otis shall be with me!"

"Is he not a nephew of Mr. Otis?"

"Yes."

"I fear he has too much rebel blood in him, if you mean to be lenient with him and let him go!"

"I will be responsible for him!"

"Be it as you wish, then."

The General proceeded to give orders for the arrests. The rumor soon got wind and but twenty of the rebels were to be found; the rest having escaped. But Robert Goodenow's home being first visited, he had no warning, and was taken captive.

Two days afterwards he was conveyed in chains, with many other state prisoners, on board the sloop-of-war Thetis, which sailed immediately for England.

The field of love was now clear to the traitorous friend! But he did not find it a "field of cloth of gold;" but rather of thorns and thistles. The secret of his treachery, he knew, was safe with the British General. So he, with confidence, visited the fair girl for whose love he had played the traitor so basely. But he saw her but once, and then found her sad and silent, and evidently weary of his presence. Again and again he called, but she refused to see him; for the fate of her brother, as well as of her lover, deeply distressed her; though little suspecting by whose agency it was effected.

At length Hastings addressed her, boldly, a note, offering his hand, and promising to obtain the release of her brother from prison if she would accept him, or even give him any hopes!

This letter was answered by her asking him to call. Joyfully he obeyed, and, once in her presence, believed he would gain her hand. But firmly and clearly refusing him, she frankly cast herself upon his generosity to do for her brother what he had promised to do, if he had the power. This power he verified to her, by showing her a note from General Howe wherein he wrote, "and as you request the young man Otis shall be set at liberty at any time you make the requisition!"

"And with my brother's fate in your power, sir, you, pretending to love the sister, keep the brother in bonds? Let him go free, that you may show me you are superior to all selfish motives."

"Very nice! I shouldn't wonder if you would like to have me go to England and plead for the liberty of your lover, Robert Goodenow!"

This was said sneeringly and tauntingly. He felt desperate, for he knew all hope for himself was gone; and he did not care for his words or their effect.

"Sir? Mr. Hastings!"

"Oh, yes! You may exclaim! I see that you love him; and for him I am sacrificed! Instead of wishing him liberty, I will go to England and appear against him to have him hanged!"

"This language to me, sir?"

"Hear me! You love Robert Goodenow! He is in chains in England. You love your brother! He is in prison here. Now, if you are the unselfish person you affect to be, you would purchase both their freedoms (perhaps the *life* of one), by marrying a man you do not love'"

"How mean you?"

"If you will become my wife I will not only free your brother, but Goodenow shall be set at liberty. Do not look so incredulous! Hear me: I entrust you with a secret. If you betray it, your brother shall also go to England in chains, and Goodenow shall suffer capital punishment."

"What secret, evil man?"

"Robert Goodenow was the chief leader of the conspiracy in which your brother was concerned. *I* am the *only* witness against him or your brother. If I appear against him and give my testimony, which I shall be summoned by the Crown to do, his head falls on the scaffold. The fate of your brother and of Goodenow, your dear lover, is, you see, in my hands! A word from you and they both will be acquitted! for then will appear no witness!"

"And do we, then, owe to *you* all our misery? No, sir! Never, *never!* I will trust his cause to God and His holy mercy, not to a wretch and traitor like you! Do your worst! Neither my brother nor Robert Goodenow would accept liberty if they knew the price! Go, sir! Leave me! I will not betray your secret! Go and appear in vengeance against them! If they are condemned on your testimony, who also betrayed them, the judgment of God will not let you rest! Leave me!"

The following week, armed with the fatal papers, and moved by deep revenge, Laurence Hastings embarked for England. On board the same ship young Otis was placed a prisoner, to go to England to be tried for treason and rebellion.

On the shores of Ireland a storm arose, and the vessel was shipwrecked upon a ledge of rocks.

Morning found but two survivors seated upon a rock just large enough for them to stand upon. One of these was Edward Otis. As the ship was going to pieces, he had succeeded in catching hold of the iron ring of a hatch and been washed to the rock, on a projection of which his chain having been caught and entangled, he was firmly fastened above the waves. The other occupant of the rock was Laurence Hastings. He had reached it with desperate struggles. He was wounded, bleeding and faint. Edward was calm, patient, and preparing his soul for the presence of God; for they were far out at sea, and he expected to perish.

As the day wore on and the sun poured down, and the cold night followed, Hastings gradually failed. He saw death near. His conscience drove him to confession of his treachery. He gave up the original papers to Otis, and receiving the young man's forgiveness, who forgave him as he hoped soon to be forgiven of God, he expired.

In an hour the sea-vultures lighted upon the body, fearless of the living, and plucked out his eyes, and tore at his heart! A horrible situation to the survivor, whose face was swept by the wings of the carrion birds as they swooped to gorge at their banquet. At length he sunk into insensibility. But from a passing fishing-boat, at sunset, he was discovered, taken off, and restored to life. His rescuers, though they found him in chains, removed them, and let him go free; for the lower classes of men sympathize with those whom a superior power has subdued. It is the natural rebellion of the heart of man against authority and law.

I need not say that, from default of evidence, Robert was acquitted. As he left the court in London he found himself in the arms of Edward Otis!

Our story is nearly at an end. Instead of returning to America, our hero went to Paris, whither he learned Mr. Otis had sailed with his neice, he having found his residence in a beleagued city far from agreeable.

Of course, in due time our lovers were married; and herewith is proven that, though the course of true love does not at first always run smooth, it finally flows with a placid surface; like brooks which in their beginning are broken by opposing rocks, but as they grow broader and deeper, reflect the moon upon their smooth and polished tide, which no ripple evermore disturbs.

KIND and benevolent propensions were the original growth of the heart of man; and however checked and overtopped by counter inclinations that have since sprung up within us, have still some force in the worst of tempers, and a considerable influence on the best.

As we rise from childhood to youth, we look with contempt on the toys and trifles which our hearts have hitherto been set upon.

OUR CAT.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

We have a remarkable cat. Somebody certainly died when she was born. She is a literary cat, fond of devouring papers, especially religious ones, for she seldom touches the secular journals. The Evangelist she regularly examines, and by way of securing the benefit of its contents she serves it as the angel told John to serve The Book. She is also a vain cat, taking delight in viewing her feline beauty in the glass. She is a curious, investigating cat, entering bodily into all closets, trunks, boots, drawers, and other apertures that she can get into. She is an affectionate cat, never so happy as when in the company of her human friends.

In personal appearance this pussy is gray—mottled gray, her fur is that of the expensive sham squirrel kind, such as sells in New York for ladies' capes and cloaks—not exactly the same color, to be sure, but the same in quality.

Yesterday was Sunday, and all the family were in their best array. There was rather more looking into mirrors than is usual, and when the other members of the household had become satisfied as to their good looks, Puss took her time. Standing upon her hind legs, she went through sundry most extraordinary performances before the glass, and then did her best to shake hands (paws) and kiss the reflected cat.

As it puzzled her to know why she could not touch the reflection, she, after a moment's silent and grave consideration, looked *behind* the mirror. She saw nothing there. Then she placed one paw on her image in the glass and made a sudden grab with *the other* paw behind. Catching nothing she, still holding on by the reflection as she evidently thought, now peeped carefully round the edge of the frame. In vain—she could not master the mystery.

When cats or people, *don't* understand a thing, and *can't* understand it, it is a great deal better to own the truth, and give the matter up, as Puss did.

A few days since "our husband" wrote a letter home; as the epistle was opened and one began to read, away ran Puss and jumped upon the reader's lap to look over and see that no news was omitted. When the letter was being answered the interested cat mounted the table, and established herself close to the edge of the letter paper, to see what was written.

A snow storm is a never wearying wonder to her; perched in the window she watches, with every appearance of intense excitement, the myriad starry flakes. Her head goes round like a whirlegig; up, down, sideways, it moves until it really seems as if there were danger that the creature's neck would be twisted off. She is a fastidious cat, as notional as was Chesterfield. Rats and mice she despises; her diet is bread and milk. When she sleeps, she lies down on her back and braces her head up against the side of the room. She don't like sleeping with her head down, nor all quirled up in a heap like common cats and caterpillars.

She is very sociable with gentlemen, particularly learned and literary ones. Her judgment of whom it will do to trifle and frolic with is admirable. Into the lap of a young man she will jump without the least ceremony, and catch him familiarly by the beard or by the nose; but when the Rev. Dr's call or the gray-haired deacons, or the grave judges, of whom we have several about, she contents herself with sitting sedately at their feet, and listening in silent attention to all that they have to say. It is with some confusion that we must admit her improper conduct upon one solemn occasion. So admirable a cat, to do so wild a thing! It is painful to remember it. But let the truth be told. A prayer meeting had been appointed; the people were assembled, and the services about to commence, when, like the outbreaking of a dozen horses, came tearing through the room that impious cat. Her feet hardly touched the floor, in fact they didn't need to, under the circumstances, for she made a high road of the laps, the shoulders, and the heads of the assembly. Supposing the witch to be in a fit, some of our pious ladies were exceedingly terrified, and quite a scene ensued. It was no trifling, still less a dignified, task to get Puss out of the room; she enjoyed the fun mightily, and when you thought you had her here, she was making the tassels and fringes fly somewhere else. You tried to pounce upon her there and over your back she leaped, and made headlong speed at the bosom of some lady or gentleman in another direction. Under dresses and over tables went this spirit of misrule. She came near doing serious mischief in her various leaps and springs; but at last she was captured and ejected, and the panting assembly, some quivering with nervous terror, others convulsed and almost choking with suppresed mirth, settled down to their prayers.

Get out! you mischief. If that creature isn't at my ankles now. She knows too much to try to bite through boots, but aims for a higher place. Having been up and seen what is being written about her capers she has gone down and made a vengeful attack upon my ankles.

And now—see here! the human-faced creature! staring at me as if about to burst out laughing. Oh! you mischievous creature! Whose soul is in you? Who was it died when you was born?

GIVE US FREEDOM.

Reader, did you ever live with, or visit, any body who, when you happened to remark that you were about to make some new garment after a certain fashion, was sure to exclaim "Oh! why don't you make it some other way?" or if you let slip a word of an intention to go somewhere at a set time, immediately cried out, with numerous objections. Who, in short, was everlastingly opposing all that you attempted or desired to do? And if you ever *did* live with such persons, didn't you get enough of their society? Oh! that the world would learn to mind its own business, and allow other people to mind theirs. Oh! that every body *would* learn to let every body else make their own plans, and carry them out in their own way (of course innocently). Oh! for the time when common sense will teach each man and woman to let each other man and woman act freely. It is beyond all expression annoying to a nervous person to be obliged constantly to hear, "What are you doing so for? Why do you wish to go there? Why do you wish to go now? Oh! don't do this thing; oh! do do that thing. Oh! wait and go by-and-by," or "Oh! hurry and go sooner than you say." If there's one thing in this wide world that is more agreeable than another, it is to do as you have a mind, and it's the natural right of every live man and woman, and whoever undertakes to hinder, obstruct, or diminish this right, is a tyrant in embryo, and ought to be resisted. Let each other alone. Let your friends come and go, get up, and lie down, and manage all their concerns, just exactly as they choose, so long as they hurt no one by such freedom. Of course, you are at liberty to offer advice when you think 'tis needed, but you are *not* at liberty to get vexed if it be not taken. A. M.

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1858.

OUR ONLY TERMS.—Single copies, $2 per annum; two copies, $3; four copies, $6; eight copies, $12. Postmasters and others who get up clubs can afterwards add single copies at $1,50. The party who sends us $12 for a club of eight copies, (all sent at one time,) will be entitled to a copy *free*. Terms, invariably in advance. No subscriptions taken for a less period than one year. Canada subscribers must send twenty six cents in addition to the subscription, to pay the American postage, which is half a cent a copy on every paper. The notes of all specie-paying banks taken at par. When a draft or check can conveniently be sent, it will be preferred, as it will prevent the possibility of the loss of money by mail.

ALL LETTERS containing subscriptions, or in any way relating to either the editorial or business department of the paper, must be addressed to ROBERT BONNER, NEW YORK LEDGER office, No. 44 Ann street, New York. We will not guarantee the delivery of the paper when parties subscribe to any agent. Always send your money direct to this office, and be careful to give us the name of the Post-office, County, and State, to which you wish the paper sent.

WE always stop the LEDGER at the expiration of the year, or the time for which it is paid, so that if you wish to continue it, you should renew your subscriptions at least one week before the time expires.

NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends hereafter to act as such you can put him down as a swindler.

SUBSCRIPTIONS are always dated from the beginning of the leading story, unless the subscriber informs us of the time when he wishes his subscription to begin.

WE CANNOT change the address of a subscriber, unless he gives us his *former*, as well as his present address.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

FREE-LOVEISM.

The newest social concoction, devised to bring coppers, notoriety, and scope for various lust to its concoctors, and to debauch society by a subtle and sure, because sensually fascinating and comparatively imperceptible process, is the Free-Loveism, which for the past three or four years has been showing itself here and there—duly and fully reported by our chaste contemporaries—and which gave its latest exhibition recently at Rutland, Vermont. We believe there is but one opinion among observers, and that is, that the Free-Love leaders are a set of persons who have vainly sought notoriety in other directions—persons dissatisfied with the entire present industrial and social order—persons bent on reconstructing society, by substituting the conceits of their own lusts and egotisms, in lieu of the prevailing, common-sense principles developed by ages, in accordance with the "Eternal fitness of things." In short, from description and inference, we judge these leaders to be the veriest social vagabonds—mangy dogs in the social manger, who, vitiated and *blase*, would corrupt whoever is virtuous, industrious and practical, to their own idle, miserable, rotten level.

The programme of these leaders, sets forth an intent to entirely reform society, through passional attraction—to do away with all legal and moral restraints on the part of individual men, women and children, save such as harmonize with the desires of the individual. If the eye or heart of man, or woman, craves after another than the one to whom he or she has been ceremoniously united, for good and ill, and through life, the Free-Love leaders propose to give that desire full play—to enthrone it as the sovereign guide and judge in all human social relations. They propose, also, the more successfully to push their debauching system, to make life a round of novelty and romance—a series of dancing, singing, feasting, and flirting soirees, in the magnetic circle of which, all gay and glittering, the grosser and more excitable passions will be developed, and all the soberer reflections put down, until the novices—at first shrinking from promiscuous polluting contact—are bound firmly in sensual bonds, and fitted to turn back to serious life with disgust, as they will be to go forward, recklessly, to the lecherous consummation of this new social orgy.

Long before the time of Christ, loose philosophers and gay courtezans of Greece played this same hideous, though seemingly fair, Free-Love masque. They dreamed of an age in which passion should enjoy a refined and gilded triumph—the sexes commingling according to passional attraction, and the human race flourishing in unrestrained individual sovereignty. If the Free-Lovers of our era seek to give woman the "right to choose the father of her children," the Free-Lovers of Greece, with a larger liberality, proposed to give her the right to choose as *many* fathers for her children as she pleased. Our Free-Lovers—*nausea ad nauseum*—will come to the same result. Indulging the bent of vagrant, animal-magnetized fancy once, and finding the change of pasture sensually agreeable, they will soon long for a freer range, and to indulge in "pastures ever new."

If life were but the rosy hour of youth, or the healthy, vigorous day of manhood, Free-Loveism, with its music and dancing, and feasting and flirting, might bear some relation to our social well-being—but since life is a chequered journey, that leads under clouded as well as clear skies, and has sickness and sorrow as well as health and mirth, and misfortune and suffering as well as joy and good fortune, to be provided for, it strikes us, that with all the errors, exceptions, short-comings, disadvantages, and mistakes accruing, our present system of society, with its legal, sacred marriage bond, its family group linked together by a sense of duty and responsibility, as well as by affection, and its home hallowed by the unity of all under its roof, and the certainty that there can be no rupture of that unity, ordinarily speaking, without scathing shame falling on him or her who brings it—such a system, it strikes us, is better than the lusty conceit just budded from the brains of a few social hybrids—a cross between Circeans and Satyrs.

For all pure, honest love, there is freedom enough under the system that has served us, as it served our fathers—and their fathers through generations that have conquered more earth, braved more perils, and established more and better governments and institutions, than ever will enter into the imagination of these Free-Love pests. In the East, where man is a sickly tyrant and woman a passive slave, Free-Loveism has done its work, and social, political and industrial imbecility, are the legitimate fruits. Out in Utah, Free-Love is also doing its perfect, abominable work. Those who are for subjecting the man to the animal, and for making woman the mistress of that animal—picking her up here in sunshine and casting her off there in storm, leaving her brood to scatter as fate wills—will all hasten to the Free-Love feast, and the devilish revel will go on, at first with dainty, mincing step and seemly behavior, but at length with riotous swiftness, to end in a reckless debauch. Out upon it!

PROCRASTINATION.

How true the proverb, "Procrastination is the thief of time." And not only of time, but of opportunity, purposes, and pleasure. The human mind is ever wavering, halting, deferring. We postpone the thing we thought to have done, and ought to have done, with a frequency that would seem to infer our certainty of endless by-and-bys. The purpose of the moment is thrust forward, and the burthen of to-day is laid on the shoulders of to-morrow. And this, in spite of the perpetual warning that there is no certain morrow—nay, not even one certain future hour to any living human soul. To procrastination, universal man owes more of dependence, failure, misfortune and wreck, than to all things else.

Whoever looks backward over his course of life, may see numberless blank spaces—lost hours, days and years—which he would gladly retrace, but cannot; opportunities wasted, which no grief nor penitence can recall. How many a life at its closing, is found to have been misspent through procrastination. Phantoms of fortune, and fame, and multitudinous successes that might have been won, had man never delayed his well-considered purposes, stalk in the retrospective of countless lives. And most of all, strange as it may seem, do we procrastinate our comforts and pleasures. With the barest exception, we are all intending to enjoy ourselves by-and-by. To-morrow, next week, next year, or at some *future* time, we are going to do the crowning act of every mortal life—be happy. If "happiness is our being's end and aim," as the poet has it, we ought, if it were possible, to have been happy every day of our lives. But we cannot banish procrastination even here. In our pleasures, as in our business, it pursues and fascinates us. It wrecks our fortunes, darkens our hopes, blights our enjoyments, yet we hug it the closer.

That which man is "going to do," let it not be delayed. Let each day and hour behold the consummation of their work. What ought to be done to-day, leave not until to-morrow. This moment there are thousands in this city who have been long resolved to retire from business and enjoy the "remainder of their days," but where one pursues promptly this good resolve, hundreds wait—procrastinate until the hand is past the goal-mark on life's dial, and the grave and oblivion swallow them, with all their better purposes unfulfilled. Wiser is he who heeds the adage—"delays are dangerous;" who "strikes while the iron is hot;" who "makes hay while the sun shines," and who, in all things, lives and acts as if the present were his only hour. Such men's lives will seldom be failures.

INTEGRITY.

This word, according to its etymology, expresses the state of entireness in anything. But, conventionally, it is applied almost exclusively to human character. It has been so applied ever since the translation of the version of the Bible, in common use, was made, in the time of King James. Hence such frequently recurring passages as, "I will not remove mine integrity," in Job; and "I have walked in mine integrity," in the Psalms of David; and the consolatory promise of the wise man, that "the integrity of the upright shall guide them;" and others which might be cited. An important word it indeed is, and precious the quality signified by it to the world!

It has been attributed to one of the greatest statesmen of that great galaxy, but a little while ago shining in full blaze, that he "*would rather be right than be President*"—a sentiment which did great credit to his head as well as his heart, and which his successors would do well, for themselves and the Nation, to put in practice oftener than they appear disposed to do!

It has been well said by a luminary of the old world, gathered to his fathers like the Sage of Ashland, alluded to above, that the moral grandeur of integrity is the sublimest thing in nature, before which the pomp of eastern magnificence and the splendor of conquest are odious as well as perishable.

"WITH A WILL."

We often hear of things done "with a will." The phrase is expressive of all that is conveyed by the words purpose, determination, resolution. It is a very characteristic expression, as the lives of its utterers, on all occasions of interest, are pretty sure to evince. It shows that they are in earnest in everything they undertake to do, and hence do it "with a will."

It is such characteristics as that, indicated by the expressive phrase above quoted, that it is our desire to hold up to the admiration of the younger readers of the LEDGER, and we always do so "with a will," as we need not assure them. It has been said, with great point, that the great difference between men—between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy—invincible determination. He who has these in his composition will certainly realize the truth of the maxim, "where there is a will there is a way," for he shall *make* the way with the very force of his will!

About the class of people who do whatsoever their hands find to do, with all their might—that is, "with a will"—there is a moral nobility which it does our very soul good to contemplate!

BLUSTER!

There is nothing more contemptible or annoying than bluster!

In private life, bluster is generally exhibited by a class with whom quiet-and-truth-loving people have seldom any need of association—the bullies, and others whose affinities are approximative to them. It is in public life that we suffer the most annoyance from it.

True greatness never requires the aid of bluster. On the contrary, it can afford to scout and scorn it. And it always does so. All great deeds are quietly performed. All great lives are modest, if not noiseless. All truly great and wise men have been modest and unpretending. They have been content to let their acts speak for them. Thus they have illustrated, in the most practical and instructive mode, the force of the maxim, that "actions speak louder than words."

THE OTHER EXTREME.

The last fashionable news from Paris brings intelligence of an astounding change in the diameter of ladies' skirts. No hoops are to be worn, and only one skirt; sleeves to be fashioned after those of a gentleman's coat; dresses tight around the neck; head-dresses of the old-fashioned bell-tower form and dimensions; slippers high-heeled, and "other things to match."

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

OUR BLOCK.

Do you call it a homely subject? Ah, you have not heard the little piping voices of the bright-eyed children who live there; you have not risen from your bed these fine summer mornings to catch the sweet breeze, and seen them with their shining faces toddling up and down the sidewalk, looking roguishly up at you, or later, peeping into the basement window as you sat at breakfast, or laying their little three-year-old heads lovingly on the neck of some huge dog, or pattering barefoot up and down, while nurse runs after the truant with the little shoes that have no right to imprison such pretty feet, or sitting down flat in the middle of the sidewalk arranging a lap full of flowers, or running into your front entry with that perfect reliance upon your welcome hospitality, which takes such winning hold upon your heart, perhaps asking you innocently for some statue or print in your parlor which has struck their childish fancy.

You have not come home at ten o'clock some warm summer night, and seen, as I have, a little white-robed figure which had crept stealthily out of bed and out of doors, while the family were engaged with visitors in the parlor, standing with white, dimpled feet, and flowing locks upon the sidewalk, looking for the first time wonderingly upon the glory of the bright stars. You have never caught the little truant, fearful lest he might come to harm, and sat him down in his astonished mother's parlor, looking more beautiful in his pretty undress, than any picture which hung upon the walls. You have not seen the household greetings and leave-takings that I have; loving farewells to wives before leaving for the day's toil in the city; little lips held up to kiss when "papa" goes away in the morning—little feet that haste to meet his weary ones on his return; oh, what can vaunting, Babylonish Free-Love give in exchange for holy scenes like this? You have not heard the little prattling tongues so proud to tell *first* that Aunt Jane or Uncle John has come. You have not seen the blinds closed, and the doctor's horse pawing uneasily before the door, and papa passing anxiously in and out, or restlessly pacing up and down the sidewalk, while merry little voices are hushed, they are not told why, and presently the whole story flies, and papa's eyes grow luminous, and the old smile plays again about his mouth, and Johnny steps up to his little nighbor Jemmy, with his head cocked on one side, and says, "A—h, *you* haven't got a new baby at *your* house, *you* haven't!" and then follow's aunty's account of how it came in the doctor's pocket (I don't believe in telling children that fib), and then some big boy boldly avows his skepticism on that point, and the brother of the new baby, with firm reliance on his aunt's veracity (and here's where *my* groan comes in), "bets" a marble on it, and faces grow red, with quite as much reason as some gray-headed boys have for cracking skulls in Congress.

You never took the little baby's sister in your lap, herself no more than a baby, a little human morning-glory, with dewy blue eyes, and fragrant breath, and said—"So you have a new baby at your house?"

Little One.—"Yes—only *so* big"—putting up tiny hands.

"Well—what does the baby eat, my dear?"

Little One.—(With a perceptible falling of the under lip)—"*It—eats—mamma!*"

Blessings on the child—how more prettily could she have told me the story of the little strange intruder. "It eats mamma." How many little hearts have swelled as they stood tiptoe in the darkened chamber, looking at that moving bundle of lace and flannel, not knowing why *that* strange baby should usurp their place while they were exiled down stairs, to ponder upon the poisoned arrow carelessly shot by the hackneyed nurse—of "the nose put out of joint." Ah, deal gently with the little, sensitive heart of the deposed baby. It is not a thing for a joke, this sudden pushing off little feet from its pedestal—give it time to pick itself up, and tenderly wipe the tears from its eyes, that it may see clearly. It *is* weary waiting for mamma to come down stairs. Strange hands smooth the locks and wash the face and cut up the food, and all the while that strange baby "eats up mamma!" Oh be wary, lest in that soil you carelessly plant a weed whose poison there spread through a life-time.

Till I came to "our block" I had a nervous horror of boys in jackets. I expected to perish miserably at their hands some day;—perhaps be jumped through, as the circus-riders jump through a blotting-paper circle; or be rendered suddenly deaf by some of their unexpected and stunning war-whoops in my ear; or have one of my ribs, which I find very useful, crushed in by a galvanized "hockey-stick;" in fact, while wishing boys in jackets every blessing, I always muttered a "paternoster" when I saw them coming, and gave them a wide berth. With tears in my eyes I now fall upon my penitent knees before the boys of "our block," and confess myself a convert. Nice, little, gentlemanly, brown-faced fellows they are, too fond of the pretty little girls, and too freely associating with them to be ill-mannered. Heaven forbid they should always be "good," that they should never earn a cuffed ear. I have no faith in "good boys," so called; little, deceitful, long-faced sneaks, with a hymn-book in their pockets instead of Robinson Crusoe and Mother Goose. It is such boys whose repressed childhood oozes out in later life; such boys who fill the ranks of our debauchees and defaulters. No; thank goodness, the boys in "our block" are not "good boys."

I would have you to know, too, that we have no lack of pretty maidens in our block: roses and lilies, blondes and brunettes, English and American; much too pretty—much too good for the present Free-Love generation of young men, who understand better where to find good cigars, and good "cobblers" than how to earn their bread and butter.

Then we have nice, sober matrons—like myself, for instance—who religiously read the NEW YORK LEDGER, New York Times, and New York Tribune, and run a darning-needle through the carrier whenever he neglects to leave either at breakfast; matrons who never masquerade in their husband's clothes, or grow "audacious;" pattern matrons, who sing over their gridirons and cradles such soul-inspiring ditties as—

"Hark from the tombs a doleful sound;"

or,

"My thoughts on awful subjects roll—
Damnation and the dead;"

vinegar-visaged matrons, like myself, who always stop to ask Mrs. Grundy whether a thing is "proper" before they venture on it. Oh, yes.

But you ought to see our "Mike." He is the "character" of our block. A good, athletic, honest, hard-working fellow, who stands up for his employer to the third generation. You may know what o'clock it is when he comes home behind his team, which—blessings on his kindly heart—he always stops, hungry and weary as he may be, to load with children on the way who "want to ride." He is a picture always, though he don't know it, with his hat and trousers no particular shape, and his shirt-sleeves rolled up from his muscular, gladiator arms, or, with a little one on his shoulder, crowing with delight at his bold ride in the air; or, when evening comes, and we are all grouped on our respective "stoops," he paces up and down with folded arms, regarding each household with a satisfied look, as if he had a personal pride and property in us—now and then catching a word of our conversation, and replying to it in his own odd, soliloquising, sententious way, without stopping, or even turning his head, which has much more in it than many that are covered with better hats. Oh! our block would be nothing without "Mike." Long life to him!

But we have lately met with a sad disaster. Six children taken at one fell swoop from "our block;" gone to Europe by the last steamer. Poor little wretches! how bad they are feeling under their pinafores now! and their warm kisses scarce cool on our lips. I miss their merry voices morning, noon, and night; I look vainly for their bright faces when I sit on the "stoop," where they used to come with a flower, or to tell me some little story. God bless them in their English home! I'll see England myself some day, if I live.

Yes, "our block" is getting silent. Some away to the mountains, some to the sea-side, some to the woods and streams, where we, too, are going, to come back, please God, with the autumn leaves, and ruddy as they.

FANNY FERN.

PRACTICAL KNOWLEDGE.

This is the great demand of the age. All systems of instruction must respond to it, or fail. The day for mere theorizing is gone forever. Those who have a proclivity for it too habitual for reformation, must expect to be thrown in the background and into the shade. They need look for no encouragement from the wise and the good of this era.

Time was when mere speculation satisfied the masses. Then the Stoics had the sway, and men esteemed wise suffered their time to be taken up in attempts to solve the merest quibbles of logic as well as the idlest subtleties. Such was the famous problem among the Greeks, known as the *Pseudomenos*, which contained this lucid proposition: "When a man says, 'I lie,' does he lie, or does he not? If he lies, he speaks the truth. If he speaks the truth, he lies."

Now, absurd and ridiculous as this problem sounds at this day, a great many books were written to solve it! Of these no less than six were vouchsafed by Chysippus alone, while Philetas is said to have written himself to death in his attempts in the same fruitless and silly direction! But with Socrates came an important change in the foundations of philosophy. He made the facts of human experience the groundwork of his structures, and strove to get his doctrines tested in every-day life. He insisted that only such as would bear this test were worth cherishing. This we are told of him by the eloquent and learned Cicero, who did not hesitate to call him the *father* of all that was worth being considered philosophy among the Greeks, or of being adopted by the Romans from them.

What Socrates was to the ancient world, Bacon became to the modern. He adopted facts as his bases of reasoning. Building on these, his teachings became practical. Only such as follow his method will find their doctrines acceptable to our matter-of-fact age.

SMALL MATTERS.

We often hear the careless assertion that such and such a thing or occurrence is "a small matter."

Small matters are not to be thus sneeringly disregarded.

It was a small matter, Adam thought, according to the biblical account, to partake of the forbidden fruit—that act of whose consequences, "sin and all our woe," Milton has given so thrilling a description.

It was a small matter, when Newton saw the apple descending, with the eye of an unfledged astronomer. Yet it led to the discovery of the great law of gravitation—the very central doctrine of the science now inseparable from his name!

It was a small matter, when Franklin first detected the descent of electricity along the string of a small, boyish plaything. Let the Telegraph tell the story of that great result, to say nothing of the applications of electricity to medical science, and in many other ways!

It was a small matter when the babe, George Washington, was born. Behold the country which he conducted through a perilous war,—when his whole army was a small matter, and at whose pretensions the British lion uttered a most contemptuous roar,—as it stands forth, now, amid the nations of the earth!

To small minds many things seem small, which are of far-reaching moment to greater minds.

Let the young study to comprehend and appreciate the true value of seemingly small matters.

GOOD BOYS.

We delight in good boys. Not stupid boys, nor inactive boys, nor hypocritical boys—who, under a mask of demureness, hide their dullness, their laziness and their malice—but real hearty, jovial, brave, generous, honest Christian boys, who love to do all noble and manly things, and despise meanness and pusilanimity in whatever shape they appear. Such boys are always liked by the old and the young, and especially by "the fair." There are always plenty of people to extend to them a friendly hand, and a helping one, if need be. They are the boys who grow up into good and great men, and mold and sway the destinies of nations. Let every youth rightfully earn the appellation of a "good boy," and continue to deserve it until he arrives at the age of manhood, and his success in life will be assured.

HASTY AND SECRET MARRIAGES.

Many young ladies have, within a few months, committed fatal errors, by secretly and hastily marrying persons obnoxious to their parents. In some cases the husband thus eagerly and clandestinely clutched has turned out to be a swindler; in other instances it has soon appeared that he already had one, two, or several other wives, whom he had cajoled into hasty and secret marriage with him. In every case, such disobedient and foolish conduct on the part of the daughter has resulted in disaster and disgrace. Will not the young ladies of the land remember what has been so often proved, that any man who is capable of proposing clandestine marriage to them is not to be trusted? By remembering this fact, and acting upon it, they will save themselves much unhappiness and mortification.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

THAT is not the most perfect beauty, which, in public, would attract the greatest observation; nor even that which the statuary would admit to be a faultless piece of clay kneaded up with blood. That is true beauty which is lighted up in conversation, where the mind shines, as it were, through its casket, and where, in the language of the poet, "the eloquent blood spoke in her cheeks and wrought so distinctly that we might almost say her body thought."

EFFEMINACY consists in wearing moral petticoats. A masculine woman is much more endurable than an effeminate man; for, though both are abandoning their proper sphere, the former seeks to rise above it, the latter to sink beneath it. There is an ambition about the one, which, though it may be offensive, does not move our scorn, whereas there is a pitiful meanness in the other, which always renders it contemptible.

WE see in one of the Pictorials an engraving of a fierce-looking woman, reaching up to get hold of her bad brat, who, from his high perch, is shaking his fist and spitting at her most furiously. The old medicinal label would be very appropriate:—

"When taken
To be well shaken."

"MY advice to you, Miss," said a very plain-spoken gentleman to a pretty girl whom he found coloring her cheeks, "is that you don't undertake to change yourself from what nature made you." "My advice to you, sir," said she, pettishly, "is that you change yourself as much as possible."

CASIMIR of Poland and Christina of Sweden are likely to remain the Alpha and Omega, the first and the last, of those who have renounced supreme power for the sake of philosophy. Washington renounced it for the sake of his country, but we are acustomed to regard *him* as almost more than mortal.

SOME writer exclaims, "What is beauty without soap?" Sometimes fashionable beauty is nothing *with* soap. We have seen many a cheek from which the beautiful red-rose hue would vanish before that useful article like a ghost before the sunrise.

A GENTLEMAN said at table that he wished he could manage without servants, as they were more plague than profit. "Why not have a dumb waiter?" suggested a friend. "Oh, no, I have tried them—they don't *answer*."

"SOME people," said a red-nosed individual, haranguing three or four bystanders, "waste their money in charity, others squander theirs in supporting wives and families—but, as for me, I saves mine to buy sperits."

A PHILOSOPHICAL traveler appears to be speculating upon the age of the Mississippi river. We wonder if a man could tell the age of the Father of Waters as jockies do that of a horse—*by looking at the snags in his mouth.*

"WILL you have the kindness to hand me the butter before you?" said a gentleman politely at table to an ancient maiden. "I am no waiter, sir." "Well, I think you have been waiting a long time."

"WHAT stingy fellows they must be in New York," exclaimed a fine country girl. "Our Sallie says she could never get a buss there without paying six and a quarter cents for it."

REVENGE is a debt, in the payment of which the greatest knave is sincere, and, so far as he is able, punctual. It is the only debt which there is no dishonesty in not paying.

IF rich, it is easy to conceal our wealth, but, if poor, it is by no means easy to conceal our poverty. It is less difficult to hide a thousand guineas than one hole in our coat.

"MADAM," said a rude fellow to a lady, "I guess you have got a stye in your eye." "Worse than that, sir; I have got a hog in it," said she, looking straight at him.

A WESTERN editor asks what ought to be done with a woman that smokes. We shouldn't think of molesting her if she had him *for to back her.*

IT is recorded that an extraordinary surgical operation was lately performed, which killed the patient. The doctor, at the last accounts, was doing well.

IN the days when rogues and thieves were branded with the letters R. and T., *lettered men* were more common than they are now.

WE have heard of a desperate fellow, who swore that he would commit suicide even if he should perish in the attempt.

"IT is a poor rule that won't work both ways," exclaimed the boy, throwing the rule back at the schoolmaster.

To elope is to begin in disobedience what generally ends in misery.

IT is always safe to learn, even from our enemies—seldom safe to venture to instruct, even our friends.

IT is a sage remark that, in both union and onion, there is *strength*.

A DRUNKARD'S nose is said to be a light-house, indicating how little water passes beneath.

HE that can please nobody is not so much to be pitied as he that nobody can please.

EGOTISM is suffering the private I to be much in the public eye.

CURRENT ITEMS.

THE last news from England brought, among other items, a statement that the reason Charles Dickens and his wife have separated, is that the latter is strikingly unintellectual. Hence the much-talked-of "incompatibility" between them. An exceedingly poor reason, we think, for the separation of those who have lived together since their wedding-day in perfect harmony, as it is claimed they have done, and as Mr. Dickens himself said they had done, only three years ago.

A MARRIED man, named Coons, who had made arrangements to elope, recently, with a young lady from Crawfordsville, Ind., was detected by the citizens, tried in the court of Judge Lynch, and condemned to summary punishment. A bucket of warm tar was then poured upon his head and suffered to arrange itself ad libitum over his body; after which he was covered with feathers from head to foot, presenting the most ludicrous spectacle imaginable.

A LADY, named McIntyre, while passing along the road near Yerintown, Pa., was suddenly attacked by a bull that was infuriated, as it was supposed, by a red shawl worn by the lady. The enraged animal knocked her down, tore out one of her eyes, broke her lower jaw, and would probably have killed her, had not some men, at work in a field, come to her rescue.

A CHILD was recently born in Hartford, Conn., according to a statement of a paper published in that city, whose right leg, from about two inches below the hip joint downwards, including the foot, is perfectly black. We mistrust that the rest of that child is black, too.

A WOMAN who was recently picking berries in a field, some five miles from Albany, found a man lying in the bushes with his head cut off and lying two feet from his body. No clue to the murder is known.

A CARMAN in Boston recently got angry at his horse, and struck it with a stake so severely on the head as to force out one of its eyes. The miserable ruffian was promptly arrested.

A MAN named John Riley, while passing out a hawser to land the propeller Chicago at Mackinaw, lately, had his leg caught and taken off at the ankle, as clean as if severed by an ax, the foot and shoe falling overboard.

THE Penobscot (Me.) Indians are said to be doing a lively business in manufacturing hoops for ladies' dresses out of basket stuff. It is also stated that the squaws have adopted the fashion in its utmost amplitude.

A CHILD was recently born in the town of Three Rivers, Canada, having four legs and feet, and three arms. It is of the female sex—a daughter of Mrs. Levere Duval—and is quite healthy.

A MRS. PARKER, of Windsor, Mass., having been arrested for stealing $140 from a neighbor, committed suicide while she was being taken to Springfield for examination.

A TWO-STORY passenger car has been invented in Philadelphia—the upper story being intended for the accommodation of smokers.

A YOUNG man named Darby, living in Chester, S. C., lately shot his stepfather for attempting to flog his mother.

THE reports from the Frazer River gold region grow more and more favorable. It is said that twenty thousand persons have already gone thither from California.

THERE is an aged woman in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., who gets her living by selling herbs, who is said to be one hundred and eight years old.

WORDS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Summer hath come, oh friend of many years,
And here, upon the bright Patapsco's banks
Giveth her fervent lesson. The rich vines
Seem scarcely able to sustain the weight
And riot of their tendrils, while the trees
Unfold their scroll-like foliage, for the Sun
To write with pencil of his noontide ray
The name of Him who made them. Evening brings
The balmy breeze to soothe the weary nerve;
And bless the student ere he goes to rest,
Taking the picture of this glorious world
Into his dreams.
The words that Summer speaks
Make impress like a lover's dialect,
Sweeping away the fainter harmonies
Of timid Spring. Brown Autumn's reaper-hand
Perchance may bear us like the sickled grain
From earth's sweet fields away. And if he should,
Who will remember us a longer time
Than the faint rustle of the fallen leaf
That floats along?
Each season hath its speech,
And lore of Heaven, and he who heeds them well
Shall sit at Nature's feet and touch His hand
Who call'd her out of chaos. Man doth speak
In many languages, but still his words
Turn to thin air, their natural element.
The music strain born on the singer's lips
Or organ's chord, thrilleth the listener's soul
A moment, and is gone.
The mighty voice
Of the great Orator that rules the throng,
Dies with the cadence of his glowing thought;
Dies, like the acorn that the oak may grow
And wear its crown centennial. Deathless deeds
That shake the globe, were born of tiny words,
Like cradled moonbeams.
Man's most high resolves
May spring from accents that a mother speaks
Unto her nursling, taking precedence
Of lordlier teachers.
Oh, ye fleeting words,
We fear ye.—For your ministries do live
And have a being when this body sinks
To its last sleep in dust. Ye seem to die
Upon the idler's lip and leave no sign
Save perishable sound,—but ye arise,—
Arise, when the strong Angel blows his trump
And take your place mid summon'd deeds and thoughts
To bear strict witness at the Judgment Day.

Baltimore, June 21st, 1858.

RICHARD HOFFMAN,

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER LXIX.

BRINGING A BRAHMIN TO TERMS.

When Sir Charles Fourreau arrived at the quarters of Major Plinlimmon, he found the choleric Welshman and most of the officers of the regiment impatiently awaiting his presence. In the same room with them was a tall, gaunt-looking fakir, his hands bound behind him, and guarded by a couple of soldiers.

The fellow had been detected spying out the exact position of the regiment, and the arrangements for keeping guard during the night, &c. He had been captured by the patrol in the attempt to conceal himself in one of the deserted houses in the village.

From the crowd of females who gathered round the door of the building, and the deep interest they betrayed for his safety, Dr. Burke, who again acted as interpreter, concluded not only that the prisoner must be well known, but a person of great reputed sanctity.

To every question addressed to him, the old man had hitherto maintained an obstinate silence.

"Won't speak, won't he!" Sir Charles heard Plinlimmon exclaim, as he approached the group. "Brace the triangles; the cat may make him find his tongue."

The fakir, who evidently understood the menace, smiled disdainfully. Death, under such circumstances, would be the crown of glory—the martyr's palm—the consummation of his most ardent wish.

To such a man, death had no terrors.

The commander of the 01st was speedily put in possession of the facts of the case.

As there appeared no positive proof that the prisoner was other than he seemed—one of those wandering fanatics who are the pest of India—he hesitated to carry out the suggestion of the major, as an act of possible injustice.

"The lash will never make him speak," observed Dr. Burke; "he would die under it."

"What is it you advise?"

"It is my opinion he is no fakir," replied the man of science, eyeing the prisoner as critically as a jockey might do the points of a horse. "He has the type of a much higher caste—the features of the Brahmin."

At this observation, the old man, despite his endeavors to conceal it, appeared evidently disconcerted.

"How are we to ascertain it?" inquired the colonel.

"Nothing more easy," said the doctor; "a Brahmin never removes from his person the mystical cord which in infancy is placed around his neck."

"A cord!" repeated the major, "and round their necks, too! Very sensible arrangement; spares a world of trouble when their time comes!"

"Its real signification, I believe, has never been ascertained. Question ten Brahmins on the subject, and it is as many chances to one but they each give a different explanation of it."

"I do not know," observed Sir Charles, "even should your suspicion prove correct, how the confirmation of it would unvail the designs of our enemies."

"Leave that to me," exclaimed Dr. Burke; "if he proves to be a Brahmin, he shall find that I have not studied the Vedas for nothing."

The old man glanced upon the speaker with eyes so full of hatred and terror, and a countenance expressive of such diabolical passion, that he resembled some animal of prey hunted to its lair, rather than a human being.

"Strip him to the waist," said the colonel, addressing the soldiers who guarded him.

The men waited for no second order, but tore off the ragged mantle which enveloped the form of their prisoner. The suspicion of the doctor was confirmed—from his right shoulder hung the mystic cord.

"Slay me," said the Brahmin, speaking in excellent English, "but dare not to profane my person."

"Your fate is in your own hands," replied the commander of the 01st. "You are a detected spy, and the penalty is death."

"I am prepared to pay it," said the captive, cheerfully. "The law of the Christian is always just."

There was a slight touch of irony in the tone of the speaker which did not pass unnoticed by those around him.

"You may escape it," observed Sir Charles.

"How?"

"By revealing to us the designs of the rajah Acbar."

"Christian," demanded the old man, calmly, "what bribe would induce you to betray the men under your command—deliver them up to the enemy—to sell the honor of your country?"

"Insolent rascal!" muttered Major Plinlimmon. "To suppose such a thing possible in a British officer."

"Not all the wealth of India," replied the baronet.

The Brahmin drew himself proudly up.

"The Hindoo," he exclaimed, "has also a country, compared to which Europe is as the morass and the jungle a few wretched pariahs have reclaimed—a civilization before which the learning and science of the western world are but as the things of yesterday."

"And yet we have held your land," observed Sir Charles, struck by the tone of his reply.

"As the tiger holds its prey," retorted the prisoner—"by the fangs."

"The spy is condemned in all honorable warfare."

"And yet you employ them."

"But we do not turn our weapons against helpless women and children," answered the commander of the 01st;—"or perpetrate outrages which language has no fitting words to name."

"Each nation has its own peculiar mode of warfare," was the quiet rejoinder.

THE BRAHMIN SUBDUED.

"The observation is a just one," observed Dr. Burke. "You have fallen into our hands, and cannot complain if we make reprisals."

"I am prepared for death," said the Brahmin.

"*And the manner?*"

"Is indifferent to me."

"We shall see."

"I fear you not!" exclaimed the fanatic; "for, beyond the violence and cruelties with which man goads his fellow, I behold the spirit's freedom from its home of clay—its absorption into the Eternal Being—its endless ages of blissful contemplation."

The faith of the Hindoo, after all, as professed by the higher castes, is not the gross idolatry and superstitions Europeans have been taught to believe.

Dr. Burke, who, with the permission of Sir Charles, had now taken the direction of affairs, whispered his instructions to one of the men, who quitted the house, but in a short time returned with a bowl of blood taken from one of the sacred bulls, which in India are permitted to wander where they please: no native would, under any circumstances, presume to drive one from his fields, however great the devastation; on the contrary, he would caress and fondle them.

The Brahmin shuddered—he foresaw the trial that awaited him.

"Priest," said the doctor, "the blood of the sacrifice to Brahma has been shed; the fire is ready. In the latter I will first consume the sacred cord, and order the soldiers to pour the former down thy throat."

A groan of horror broke from the prisoner. Any ordinary pollution he might have resisted; for, according to his faith, a few thousand years of purgatory might have restored him to his caste, but the one now threatened, destroyed it for ever.

"You know the alternative."

Had death been at his command, the Hindoo would gladly have accepted it, but his guards held him firmly.

Like most of his race he was a fatalist, and believed the resolute band of Europeans who held him in their power, to be so completely hemmed in by the approaching columns of insurgents, that, after all, his treason to the cause could scarcely affect its ultimate triumph.

"And what pledge have I," he demanded "that in the event of my accepting your terms, you will keep faith with me."

"The honor of a British officer," replied Sir Charles Fourreau.

"Release me, then."

The colonel was about to give the order to that effect, when a look from the doctor restrained him.

"When you have fulfilled the conditions."

"Well, then," said the Brahmin, "the Rajah Acbar has sworn allegiance to the throne of Delhi."

"The perjured villain," muttered Major Plinlimmon.

"The forces of the Nena are advancing, you are in an open country, without the possibillity of either advancing or retreating. The fort, your last hope, is too strongly manned to be taken."

"You forget the temple," observed Burke.

The priest replied only by a glance of the most intense hatred.

"Has the Rajah any intention of attacking us before the dawn?" asked Sir Charles.

His prisoner hesitated.

"Remember," continued the speaker, "that it is only on condition of the most ample confession that I gave my honor. Deceive me in a single point, and I at once recall the pledge."

"He has."

"At what hour?"

"Midnight."

"He shall find us prepared to receive him," exclaimed the commander of the 01st. "You will remain a prisoner till the morning, when, if your statements prove true, you shall recover your liberto; if not——"

Here he pointed with a significant gesture to the bowl of blood.

The Brahmin was committed to the care of a sergeant and four of the best men of the regiment, with directions to shoot him if he attempted to escape—an order they were not likely to trifle with, for the news of the massacre of Cawnpore and nameless outrages perpetrated upon women and children, as well as officers, had raised them to a pitch of fury bordering upon madness.

A counsel of officers was immediately called to decide what was best to be done in the emergency, and, strange to say, the opinion of one who would scarcely be looked upon as a military man was adopted.

Dr. Burke proposed that they should at once march from the village, and take possession of the temple. From a boy, whom he had questioned, he had acquired the certainty that it was not only well stocked with provisions, but provided with means of defense.

The next difficulty was, to find a messenger to carry intelligence of their position to General Anson, who was rapidly marching towards Delhi; a dilemma from which Mark Rayner—whom our reader have lost sight of for some time, but, we trust, not forgotten—relieved them.

CHAPTER LXX.

THE MESSENGER.

For some time after his arrival in India, Mark Rayner found himself, comparatively speaking, a happy and contented man. True, the recollection of the past would occasionally cast a shadow of doubt, if not of terror, upon his mind; but he dismissed it as speedily as possible, trusting, as most of us trust, hopefully, but blindly, to the future.

By exemplary and unremitting attention to his military duties, and the protection of Sir Charles, he had risen to the grade of sergeant-major, whilst the kindness of Lady Bell, who treated Rose more like a humble friend than a dependant, rendered their exile less painful than either husband or wife had ventured to anticipate.

Mark had not long attained his last promotion when a draught of recruits arrived from the depot in England, and amongst others Sanders, his companion on that fatal new year's night when Barney Gee and the keeper of Sir Norman both met their untimely death.

Sanders at first appeared highly pleased at finding his former friend in a position to be of service to him, but the feeling did not last long. Envy and jealousy succeeded, and he gratified his natural, malignant disposition by wantonly braving his authority, or occasionally throwing out dark hints as to the cause of his leaving England and joining the 01st.

It was a matter of deep mortification to Mark to be compelled to endure all this. It was in vain that he reasoned and expostulated with the fellow privately, gave him a portion of his pay, and screened his faults, till the men of his troop openly murmured at his partiality.

"You will be my ruin," he frequently remarked to him, and it was not long before the prediction was accomplished.

Sanders had been sent to the guard-house for being intoxicated, and, unfortunately, Mark commanded the guard. In his fury, the drunken ruffian would listen neither to intreaty nor remonstrance, he would have his liberty. It was only to avoid being accused before the men of murder, that the unhappy sergeant connived at his escape.

For this offense he had been deprived of his rank. The entreaties of Lady Bell and Lillian had saved him from further and yet more degrading consequences. So that when his persecutor, who had been speedily taken in one of the low neighborhoods of Calcutta, was brought back to the regiment, he found his former protector reduced to the same rank as himself.

This satisfied him, and for awhile he left him unmolested.

Mark, who bitterly regretted his degradation—more, perhaps, on his wife's account than his own—had long since resolved that, if ever an opportunity of redeeming himself should occur, to embrace it, even at the risk of life. In the necessity of sending a messenger to hasten the approach of General Anson, such an occasion had now occurred. He spoke the language fluently, and from his black hair and beard, his naturally swarthy complexion, which the sun of India had rendered still more dark, might possibly pass for a native, unsuspected.

Vainly Rose endeavored to dissuade him from the undertaking; she felt only as a fond, devoted wife—her husband as one who had a character to redeem, a stain to wash out, a name to win.

These were not the only motives which prompted him; to do him justice, they were but secondary to the gratitude the generous conduct of the colonel and Lady Bell had inspired.

Firm in the resolution he had taken, he marched at once to the hut where Sir Charles was still holding consultation with his officers, and volunteered for the dangerous enterprise.

Mark was ordered to retire whilst his offer was being considered. Dawlish, who had taken an intense dislike to him from his connection, real or supposed, with Lillian, was the only one who opposed it, and even he objected indirectly.

"A fellow who has been broken to the ranks," he observed, "can scarcely be trusted. Probably his object is to creep out of danger, or to desert."

The major reminded him that the dangers Mark was likely to encounter by remaining with his regiment were slight, compared with those he would have to brave in the event of his offer being accepted; "and as for deserting," he added, "he could do that any time."

The former muttered something about knowing the language.

"Speaks it better than any officer in the regiment," replied the doctor, in answer to the second objection; "but I perfectly understand Dawlish's motive."

The latter colored, a proof that it was not a very honorable one, and his brother officers looked surprised.

"He wishes," added Burke, with a slight—only a very slight smile—"to undertake the dangerous task himself."

"In that case," exclaimed Plinlimmon, "the colonel, I am convinced, will be the last to disappoint so honorable an ambition."

"Certainly," replied Sir Charles.

Dawlish hastily assured the commander that had he possessed even a slight knowledge of Hindostanee, nothing would have delighted him more; still, if ordered to attempt it, he was ready, quite ready.

Mark was called in and questioned by his commander.

"In what way do you propose to cross the country, and meet the general?" was the first question put to him.

"Disguised as a native."

"You must be well armed," observed Plinlimmon.

"Pardon, major," replied the volunteer, saluting him respectfully; "but I should prefer going without arms of any kind."

"But not without money, I suppose?" suggested Dawlish.

"Not a rupee," answered Mark; "money would be as valueless to bribe, in the event of my being detected, as arms to protect me. I have considered of my purpose well," he added, "and am convinced that my only chance of success will be in assuming the dress of one of those fanatics whom I have so often noticed in Calcutta. I believe I can imitate their wild cant and manners so as to defy detection."

"And in the event of success, what recompense do you expect?" inquired his colonel.

"The satisfaction of having done my duty," replied the poor fellow, in a tone that went far to prove his sincerity—"of having served those," he added, "who have befriended me—of showing that I am not ungrateful."

"It's the best thing we can do," whispered Plinlimmon in the ear of his commander; "not that I quite comprehend the fellow."

"I do," replied Sir Charles, with which observation the discussion ended. Mark, being informed that his offer was accepted, retired to prepare for his almost forlorn enterprise.

The necessary disguise was easily procured in a Hindoo village deserted by all its male inhabitants.

Within an hour Mark made his appearance at the quarters of the colonel, accompanied by Doctor Burke, who had assisted at the metamorphosis of the English soldier into an Indian fakir, and good-naturedly furnished him with such hints and suggestions as might prove serviceable to him in the perilous enterprise he had undertaken.

So complete was the change, that on their return into the room, neither Lady Bell nor Lillian recognized the former—it was the eye of affection only that it could not deceive. Rose knew in an instant, and threw herself upon his shoulders.

"Pardon her, colonel," said the poor fellow, deeply moved; "if you only knew all that she has endured for my sake. I am ready now," he added, gently removing her arms from his neck, "quite ready to receive your last orders."

They were soon given, for time and danger pressed.

"You will describe our position to Anson," said Sir Charles, speaking with stern and soldier-like brevity. "Tell him that the 01st will hold out against any odds the rebels may bring against them, to the last man—to succor if he can, if not, avenge us."

Lillian had been informed that a letter might compromise the success as well as safety of the emissary, and forbore sending a line to Richard, as what might possibly prove a last adieu, she had cut off a lock of her long, silken hair, and placed it in the hands of Mark.

"You know for whom," she said. "God speed you! we will pray for you!"

The disguised soldier pressed his wife in one long, lingering embrace of love and agony. Then, without uttering a word, saluted his officers, and darted from the room.

Meanwhile Major Plinlimmon had not been idle. After duly considering the position of affairs, he had come to the resolution, subject, of course, to the approval of his commanding officer, to station himself, with a party of men, in the wood which skirted the village, and give the traitorous rajah and his troop a warm reception. Even if it failed to throw them into confusion, it would give time to fire the village, and allow the main body of the regiment to penetrate the jungle on their way to the temple, now their last hope.

When the colonel heard his plan, he warmly approved it, but at the same time urged, that as it was the post of danger, he ought to command the party in person.

"And so deprive me of the credit," replied the major, who perfectly comprehended the sensitive honor which feared to be misjudged. "No; let us adhere to our first arrangement. Whether the 01st returns to England or leaves its last man in India, rely upon it," he added, "that the courage of its commander will remain as untarnished as the best that ever bore his name, and if any one doubts it, refer him to David Ap Oel Plinlimmon."

CHAPTER LXXI.

THE RETREAT THROUGH THE JUNGLE.

The temple of Mariatele was situated on the brow of a gently sloping hill, one of a chain intersecting a vast plain, cultivated only in patches, the rest jungle, marsh, and forest. Although not originally intended as a place of defense, it was, like most of the religious edifices in India, a structure of considerable strength, being surrounded by a square inclosure of solid masonry, with loopholes for musketry, and lofty towers at each angle, not unlike the *campanile* of Italy in their general design, but far more fantastically ornamented.

From its superior elevation the temple commanded the neighboring fort, a comparatively modern building, scarcely a mile to the westward, and so obvious were its advantages, in a strategetical point of view, that it had long been the ambition of the rajah to obtain possession of it, in order to convert it into the seat of power. But the opposition of the Brahmins and the superstition of the people, who held the shrine in peculiar reverence, had hitherto defeated his designs. It was not without reluctance that the former consented—after he had taken a solemn oath upon the Vedas not to attempt anything against their rights—to Acbar's removing some of his heavy guns and ammunition to their walls, so that, if driven from the fort, he might be able to make a second stand against their mutual enemies.

His treasures, wrung from the oppressed and enslaved tillers of the soil, were received far more willingly. The only entrance to the quadrangle was by a single gate, on either side of which the architect had placed the sacred bull, each a colossal monolith. In the interior rose the shrine, profusely decorated with sculptured monstrosities, both externally and in the interior, together with several ranges of low-roofed buildings, which served as storehouses, and abodes of the priests and pilgrims who annually visited the temple. Such was the place to which Sir Charles Fourreau had determined to retreat with his gallant regiment, and await the arrival of the forces rapidly advancing to the siege of Delhi.

The precautions which the British commander had taken in placing a line of sentinels to prevent all communications between the fort and the inhabitants of the village, and the apparent neglect of establishing any outposts, convinced the traitorous rajah that the report of his emissary was correct, his design of attacking them unsuspected, and that the solitary band must fall surprised and unprepared.

Great, therefore, was his astonishment, when the advancing column of his force, in emerging from the wood, which had, as they supposed, screened their approach, were received by a regular volley, which left many a saddle empty, and sent the riderless horses mad with pain and terror, galloping in confusion over the plain.

Before the rebels could recover from their panic the volley was renewed.

"Well done!" exclaimed Major Plinlimmon, delighted with the success of his plan; "steady, men; clear the village."

The troop formed three a-breast as coolly as if they had been at a review or on parade, and dashed at full speed through the long, straggling street. As they proceeded, those who had been placed to fire the houses joined them, and their retreat was masked by a line of flame.

The main body of the regiment had already penetrated a considerable distance into the jungle, when the first volley of the major's party was heard. Sir Charles, who had hitherto kept by the side of the carriage occupied by the ladies, instantly drew rein and listened.

In a few minutes the firing was repeated.

"Your place is no longer here," observed his wife, extending her hand to him.

"God protect you, Bell!" exclaimed the agitated husband, folding her in a passionate embrace. "A very short time will decide our fate."

"I am quite prepared," murmured the heroic woman, at the same time casting a glance towards Wharton, who, pale as death, rode at the opposite side of the vehicle.

Imprinting a hasty kiss upon the brow of Lillian, the gallant veteran disappeared, and placed himself at the head of his men. The tribute to human love and human weakness had been paid; his life was now his country's.

A mental prayer for his safety rose to the mercy-seat on high from the hearts of his wife and adopted child, as he rode off.

"How far is the temple?" inquired her ladyship of the young cornet, in a tone which she endeavored to render firm.

"About a mile from the skirts of the jungle."

"And that?"

"Stretches two miles further."

From the nature of the ground, the advance of the party was necessarily slow, and for some time not a sound was heard, except the heavy tramp of the horses as their hoofs fell with a dull, heavy tread upon the tangled grass, or splashed in the pools of stagnant water from which the poisonous malaria exhaled.

"We are followed!" exclaimed Mrs. Burke, breaking the painful silence.

Fred Wharton reined up his horse to listen. The approach of cavalry was distinctly heard. It was either Major Plinlimmon and his men, or the victorious enemy. The doubt was too agonizing to be endured. Burying his spurs into the flanks of his charger, the officer galloped towards the rear-guard.

"Did you hear the firing?" he demanded of the senior captain who commanded it.

"Twice," replied the gallant fellow. "There is music in the ring."

"And a pretty lively tune it is," observed the doctor. "Trust the major for that; he is pursued.

The rebels have avoided the burning village by a detour."

"And must overtake us."

"Little doubt of that."

The heart of the cornet beat wildly, as he thought of the fearful promise he had made.

"When the major comes up," continued the speaker, "we must make a stand to enable our comrades and the ladies to reach the temple."

As he rode along, Wharton noticed that the long grass, from the excessive drought, rustled dry and crisply beneath his horse's feet, and an idea, almost as desperate as their situation, struck him.

"I have it," he said; "let us fire the jungle."

There was a pause before the commander of the handful of men, who formed the rear-guard, replied to him.

"It is our only chance," he observed, and the next instant he gave the word to halt.

Each soldier drew his rein and sat silently and unconcerned in his saddle, as if on the old parade-ground at Calcutta. The order was given, and the mode of executing it explained. Half the party dismounted, and began cutting, with their sabres, the long grass and reeds which they formed into bundles, and placed at equal distances. By the time they had completed their task, their comrades rode up.

"Ride for your lives," shouted Plinlimmon, the instant he recognized them; "the rebels are at least two thousand strong."

"And how far off?" demanded the captain.

"About a mile."

"Plenty of time, major," said Dr. Burke, coolly.

In all probability the choleric Welchman would have made some not very complimentary rejoinder on finding his authority so unceremoniously treated, had not shortness of breath prevented him. Before he could recover it, Burke had explained to him the suggestion of Wharton, and the steps already taken to carry it into execution.

"Capital!" he exclaimed; "we'll smoke the rascals."

Drawing his men into a wide gully, or ravine, which intersected the jungle for several miles, the major gave orders to the dismounted hussars to fire the grass. The red flames rose rapidly, and dense volumes of smoke began to spread like a vail of darkness through the atmosphere.

Several of the brave fellows volunteered to ride in various directions, scattering their burning brands, in order to increase the conflagration. The slight wind fortunately proved in a favorable direction; and when the rebel rajah and his forces came up, they found an impassable barrier of fire between them and the gallant band they had looked upon as an easy prey. Vainly they tried to penetrate it; foiled in the attempt, their next endeavor was to pass beyond the limits of the sea of flame. But the flames were swifter than their steeds; the disappointed chief cursed the Christians in the impotence of his fury, and reluctantly gave orders for a retreat, consoling himself with the reflection that in a hostile country and unsupported by their countrymen they must ultimately perish.

In his rage and mortification he had forgotten the temple, and the indomitable energies of the Saxon race, destined to be once more proved to the world by a succession of achievements unparalleled in the history of warfare.

The danger which menaced the rear-guard of the gallant 01st was far from being over yet, for the fire spread with a rapidity which threatened not only the pursuers but the pursued, forcing the latter in several instances to make long and painful detours from the track to avoid it. Sometimes they were startled by a mingled herd of frighted deer and antelopes dashing madly past them, hunted by the pitiless flames, which crept stealthily along the ground, where the grass proved scant or low, then rose into fury, like a pack of hounds in full cry suddenly opening on the scent, when they came to a more luxuriant vegetation.

It was singular to notice the effect which terror had produced upon the animal creation. Leopards, especially the ehetah or hunting species, mingled with the flying herd, without attempting to select a victim—fear had subdued the ferocity of their nature, and more than one royal tiger crossed the path of the retreating soldiers, its head close to the ground, and tail hanging like a torpid snake between its legs.

So passionately fond was Major Plinlimmon of the chase, that, had he been riding for less than life, nothing could have restrained him from his favorite sport.

We must now leave the retreating party for awhile and request the attention of our readers whilst we describe what was going on in the great quadrangle of the temple, where the inhabitants of the now blazing village, by command of the Brahmins and the rajah had conveyed not only their provisions and cattle but whatever else of value they possessed.

Al Moorad, Nadir, the chief priest, the native magistrate, and collector were standing in the light gallery which ran round the principal dome of the building, watching the progress of the flames. There was an expression of intense satisfaction on the withered face of the Brahmin, who doubted not but an instalment of the debt of hatred, due by the Christian rulers of his country had been paid. A shade of anxiety, on the contrary, rested on the features of the banker. As for their companions, they continued to gaze with that marked apathy peculiar to Asiatics. They had assured them of success, and they trusted to their promise as to the oracles of fate.

"How rapidly the flames extend," observed Al Moorad, addressing Nadir.

"The land shall be purged with fire," replied the old man—"is it not written in the Vedas?—and prepared for the last incarnation of Vishnu?"

"I may rely on Acbar's promise to respect the life of Lillian?"

"As on mine."

"Should he behold her face and be fascinated by her charms?" urged the former speaker, seized with a sudden feeling of jealousy.

"He has a mistress more beautiful," answered the Brahmin, impatiently—"ambition and the desire of avenging the wrongs of his outraged race; besides," he added, "have we not a pledge that might satisfy even a lover's doubts? Are not his treasures concealed within the temple—his heavy guns and ammunition?"

"He may require them," observed the banker, "to hold his fort."

"Not so; it is sufficiently armed already."

Here the two speakers were interrupted by the native police magistrate calling their attention to the progress of the flames, which, by this time, had spread so widely that it was evident they had extended beyond the village.

"Acbar has fired the jungle," exclaimed Nadir, in a tone of triumph. "Not a christian will escape him."

"And Lillian—the prize for which I have risked so much," exclaimed Al Moorad.

"Doubtless is in his hands," answered the priest, calmly. "I sent a sure and faithful agent to the village, who would have returned ere this had the designs of the rajah been suspected."

The speaker alluded to the pretended fakir who had fallen, as we have seen, into the hands of the colonel of the 01st.

Before emerging from the jungle, the main body of the regiment was overtaken by the Major and his party. As the latter rode up, Sir Charles pressed his hand warmly, and thanked him for the skill and courage with which he had executed his instructions.

"The idea of setting fire to the long grass," he observed, "was a master-stroke; it has placed an insuperable barrier between ourselves and the rebels."

"Little doubt of that," replied the Welshman, wiping the dust and perspiration from his brow, "but the credit of the plan belongs to another."

"To whom?"

"Wharton," answered Plinlimmon.

"Where is he?" inquired the commander.

"Riding by the carriage with Lady Bell and the ladies."

At the name of his wife the lips of the veteran slightly quivered.

"By heavens, Fourreau!" continued the speaker, "she is a noble creature. Her voice sounded as cheerfully when we came up with her as in our old quarters at Calcutta."

"But don't you think this plan of Wharton's may be turned to account?"

"In what way?"

"By concealing our approach to the temple."

The idea was no sooner suggested than acted upon, and a number of men sent forward with orders to fire the skirts of the jungle, which soon sent forth a vast cloud of flame and smoke, under cover of which the regiment dashed rapidly across the plain, and took possession of the gate before the crowd within the quadrangle suspected that the enemy of whose destruction they felt so confident were in the vicinity.

As not even a guard had been posted within the court, resistance was useless, scarcely any attempt being made to oppose their entrance, and the fugitives were masters of the place before Nadir and his companions were aware of their danger. At first the aged Brahmin mistook them for the rajah and his victorious troops. Great was his rage and disappointment when he discovered that they were English.

"May the gods of India," he exclaimed, "confound them in their impious triumph. The shrine of Mariatele is profaned."

"And what is worse," added Al Moorad, "we shall be prisoners."

The native police magistrate and collector, who knew how little reason they had to expect mercy at the hands of the victors, appeared panic struck.

"Not so," replied the priest; "the goddess will preserve us."

The banker gave an inarticulate "Umph!" probably from his long association with Europeans, his faith was not so lively as it once had been.

"There is a means of escape known only to those of my sacred order," continued the speaker; "swear by the Vedas never to reveal it, and you shall share my flight."

It is scarcely necessary to add that the required oath was readily taken: that done, Nadir descended from the gallery to the temple, and calling his brother Brahmins around him, proceeded with them to a large recess at the back of the shrine.

"Let the doors be closed," he exclaimed.

With the assistance of his companions, the heavy bronze gates were rolled upon their hinges.

"Now draw the bolts," cried Al Moorad.

"Not a bolt must be drawn," replied the chief priest, "or the Christians will suspect the path by which we escape them; there is no other means of egress visible."

At the command of the speaker, one of the younger Brahmins sprang upon the altar, which was surmounted by the statue of the goddess, and pressed a spring concealed in the folds of her girdle. A low rumbling noise was heard, as the idol slowly moved aside, and disclosed a narrow staircase descending through the altar, which was of solid stone.

Nadir was the last to disappear, and long before the enemy had penetrated beyond the quadrangle of the temple, the statue of the goddess Mariatele had resumed its accustomed place.

On reaching the bottom of the staircase, the fugitives found themselves in an immense hall or subterranean temple, adorned with grotesque sculptures cut in the solid rock. From this hall, passages diverged in various directions, some leading to prisons, others to those secret shrines where rites were celebrated too fearful to be described, and to which only the initiated were admitted. But what chiefly attracted the attention of the banker and collector were ten long brass guns ranged against the wall. They were evidently of European make, and had been sent by the rajah for safety, in the event of his fort falling into the hands of the English.

"Could we have foreseen this blow," observed the former, "we might have defended the temple against the accursed feringees."

"The wisdom of the wise has been confounded," replied the chief Brahmin, bitterly; "it is some consolation that we have not fallen into their hands."

"But the ammunition and treasures of Acbar have," said the magistrate.

The old man smiled: the treasures were the last things he was likely to have forgotten.

"The goddess has rebuked us for our pride and self-reliance," he made answer; "for, after all, what is the sum of human knowledge? Less than nothing. Mariatele will turn our seeming defeat into a holy triumph."

"But we shall starve here," observed the collector, not much delighted at the prospect before him.

"Mariatele will feed her votaries."

"What if the British should discover the entrance from the shrine?"

"Mariatele will defend us," replied the Brahmin. "Let this assurance console you: alive, we shall never fall into their hands. There is ammunition enough in this cavern temple to rend the massive roof asunder, and involve the Christians in the same destruction with ourselves."

The Hindoo appeared anything but gratified at this intelligence. He was a heavy, oleaginous-looking man, with a sensual expression of countenance, and evidently possessed little or no ambition to obtain the honors of martyrdom.

Several of the Brahmins, having lit their torches at the brazen lamps which illuminated the hall, now led the way through one of the numerous passages, till they arrived at a row of cells, each cut in the solid rock; the doors which closed them were of iron; and Al Moorad observed that massive chains were drawn across two of them.

He glanced at his companion with an inquiring look.

"Kehoda!" whispered Nadir, as he pointed to the first.

"The banker shuddered. He knew the fate reserved, by the inexorable laws of the priesthood, for the unhappy Nautch girl.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

We do not want precepts so much as patterns.

WHERE ALLAN PERCY ROAMED WITH ME.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

The twilight's purple gloom again
Falls sweetly, sadly here,
As on that eve—and one wild strain
Floats from the forest near.

While list'ning to the wind's low moan,
Beside this haunted tree,
With clouded heart I stand alone,
Wrapped in a dream of thee.

Here once we wandered and thy breast
Seemed thrilled with love's soft spell;
Against thy heart my hand was prest,
And words of passion fell.

A breeze like this flung from thy brow
The careless-curling hair;
And those blue eyes—where gaze they now?
Oh, angels, tell me where!

Joy like I knew with thee, again
Earth *cannot* give to me!
That autumn night—haunts heart and brain—
But—*am I aught to thee?*

* * * * *

Oh, I will wander *here* no more—
A spell weighs on the air,
And memories from the graves of yore
Rise up to mock despair.

THE BEAUTIFUL DECOY.

FROM THE UNPUBLISHED CHRONICLE OF A TRAVELER.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

It is well known to all in any degree familiar with the history of Mexico, that a regular system of highway robbery exists in every section of that miserably governed country; and that through a want of interference of the authorities, this has grown up into such a regular and formidable shape, that every traveler must be prepared to put his life at hazard at every stage, or be provided with a suitable contribution for *los caballeros del camino* (the knights of the road), who, in the event of finding you prepared and willing, will make their levy with a politeness only equaled by the smiling landlord, when he receives your overcharged fare for your last night's entertainment. Why such systematic boldness of robbery is allowed—if not with the connivance, at least with very rarely any interference, of the government or state authorities—is one of those mystical matters which among many others, so puzzles and perplexes the intelligent foreigners; but that such is the disagreeable truth, every traveler through that wretched country can bear ample testimony.

Some years ago, having business which first called me to the Capital of Mexico, and thence through the interior of the country to the northward, I met with several thrilling adventures, which I have recorded for the benefit of whomsoever may take an interest therein, omitting only the dates, they being non-essential to the interest of the narrations themselves.

The first of the series occurred on the route between Vera Cruz and the city of Mexico. In the regular diligencia running between the places just mentioned, I had taken passage, and had passed through the beautiful city of Jalapa, and entered the gloomy town of Perote, without meeting with any unusual incident, though being continually warned to be on my guard against the dangers of the road. At Perote, where we halted for a relay and refreshments, all my fellow-passengers took leave of me, very solemnly assuring me that, if assailed by the *ladrones*, or robbers, it would be much better for me to take matters quietly, and suffer myself to be genteelly plundered, than to run the risk of having my throat cut for resistance, as I had somewhat boldly proclaimed it was my intention of doing. I thanked them for their advice, and replied that I would take the matter into serious consideration.

At Perote, I repeat, all who had been my companions from Vera Cruz took leave of me, this being the end of their journey in that direction; but there was one new passenger here to go forward, whom, to my agreeable surprise, I found to be a beautiful young lady, some twenty years of age.

Senorita Paula, as I subsequently ascertained her name to be, was indeed one of those rare beauties seldom met with except in works of fiction—tall, graceful, with a profusion of long, black hair—soft, clear, melting dark eyes—features as perfect as ever came from the hands of the sculptor, and with an animation the most fascinating, varying in expression with every changing mood of the intellectual possessor. A glance at her bewitching dark eyes showed me that she was one who was naturally of a social disposition; and as we rattled away from the gloomy town, I took the liberty of opening a conversation.

"They tell me," said I, "that the route between here and Mexico is a very dangerous one to travel."

"There is little to fear," she replied, with a sweet smile and in a melodious tone, "except from the professional robbers, and they seldom harm any one who makes no resistance."

"It seems strange to me," I rejoined, "that you Mexicans should take such things as a matter of course, and deem resistance a very impolite way of treating the knights of the road, instead of boldly asserting your rights, and abating the evil by a manly spirit of resistance. For myself, I must consider it the most cowardly of proceedings, for any respectable party to set out prepared to quietly gratify the cupidity of the *ladrones*, and unprepared to treat them to their just deserts."

"Every traveler, Senor," she replied, "should, before setting out, count the cost of his journey; and as of course it is natural he should value his life highly, it seems to me natural that he should pay a certain sum for positive safety, rather than put that life in jeopardy. For instance, in traveling from Vera Cruz to Mexico, if he will first reckon that so much is the fare by the diligencia, and that so much will be required for entertainment on the way, and so much for the contingency you speak of, he will then have the exact cost between the two points; and if he will look at the whole as the sum total of his journey, he will not seem to be robbed by any one party more than another."

"That," I replied, "may be, I believe is, the Mexican mode of doing business, but does not tally with the preconceived ideas of us foreigners."

"But every one," replied the fair speaker, "should conform to the customs of the country he visits."

"And do *you* then go prepared for this highway robbery? and have you no fear in thus journeying by yourself?"

"Well, Senor, what can I do? I am, as you perceive, an unprotected lady, who, for certain reasons, am required to make the journey between Perote and the Capital some twice or thrice a year, and you certainly could not expect me to go prepared to resist an armed band! As to fear, I will not deny I have my share of that; but, so far, I have never met with any rough treatment, and of course I trust to the saints that my fortune will ever be as propitious."

"And have you really been robbed on your journey back and forth?" I inquired.

"I think I have paid my share to the *ladrones* for my transit through their country!" she laughed.

"And you expect to continue a repetition of the same for the rest of your life?"

"Who knows?" she replied. "At least I hope to be always prepared."

"And your fellow travelers?" said I; "have you never seen any disposed to resist these unlawful acts?"

"Once, Senor, an American and an Englishman, who were in the same diligencia with me, fired upon the robbers, killing one and wounding two."

"And did the robbers fire back?"

"Yes, but fled immediately, and fortunately injured none of our party."

"As I should have expected," returned I. "You were not robbed on that occasion, I suppose?"

"We were not, Senor; but the two foreigners subsequently paid dearly for their resistance; for in journeying back and forth, both were killed, separately and at different times, near the same spot. You see these crosses by the side of the road, Senor?"

"I have observed them frequently, but here they seem to be much more numerous," I replied, looking forth from the vehicle.

"Each stands on the spot where some one has met a violent death," she rejoined; "and as we go along, I will call your attention to those which mark the places where the foreigners met theirs."

"Do you know," said I, "that I am resolved to emulate their example, let the consequences be what they may."

"Holy saints defend us!" she exclaimed; "you are not in earnest, Senor?"

"Seriously so, I assure you."

"You would only bring certain death upon us both."

"Say, rather, I should lighten the expenses of the journey—for your knights of the road understand retreat as well as advance—and you yourself have acknowledged that firm resistance put them to flight for once."

"But there were numbers opposed to them, Senor, and you are only one."

"But fortunately I have a couple of revolvers, which, in two good hands, amount to some ten or a dozen shots, and my friends have repeatedly told me I am not a bad marksman."

"Ah Santa Maria! you will think better of this, Senor?—the very idea of resistance terrifies me!"

"But not the idea of robbery?"

"Because I have never met with violence."

We continued to converse in a similar strain for some time longer—my fair companion gradually changing the subject, and seeming much interested in myself. I learned that her family name was Valerde, that she was unmarried, that her father and brother were officers in the army, and so forth, and so on; and in return I gave her my own name, stated something of my history, business and prospects, and altogether became more communicative than I would advise any friend to be with any stranger of either sex in a strange country.

As we continued our journey, the conversation gradually changing from one thing to another, Senorita Paula suddenly brought it back to the point where it first opened.

"We are coming upon a dangerous part of the road," she said; "are you still resolved to defend yourself if assailed?"

"With your permission, Senorita!"

"I do not think it advisable," she replied; "but still, if such is your intention, I think it no more than right that you should give me a chance to take a part in my defense, since my risk of danger will be as great as yours!"

"And have you really the nerve, after all, to defend yourself?" I inquired.

"If I had the means, Senor."

"I have two pistols," said I; "if you will accept of one of them, it is at your service!"

"You are very kind, Senor—but can I fire it?"

"With ease, Senorita;" and producing one of my revolvers, I explained to her the manner in which it was to be used.

"And this, you say, will shoot some half a dozen times?"

"I think it safe to calculate that five charges out of the six will explode, Senorita."

"A very formidable weapon, indeed!" she replied; "and with such I can almost fancy we are safe. You have another, you say, like this?"

I produced it.

"What a beautiful invention!" she observed, reaching over and taking it from my hand. Then extending her hands, one of the revolvers in each, she continued: "Armed like this, one might almost count himself safe against a host! You say this is fired in this manner?" she proceeded, cocking one of the weapons as she spoke, and pointing it toward the road.

"Have a care, Senorita, or you will discharge it!"

The words were scarcely uttered, when her finger pressed the trigger, and one of the barrels was exploded with a sharp report. A minute after, and while I was gently chiding her, we heard a loud, quick tramp of horses, and several sharp, rapid exclamations. The next moment our conveyance was stopped suddenly, and we saw ourselves surrounded by some eight or ten mounted men, one of whom, in a loud voice, exclaimed:

"Yield you prisoners or die!"

"Quick, Senorita!" said I, extending my hand: "quick! in Heaven's name! give me one of those weapons! for now is our time for decisive action!"

"Nay," she replied, putting the weapons behind her, "you will be too hasty! Let them suppose we yield—let them open the door!"

"Oh, no! it will then be too late!"

As I spoke, the door was suddenly thrown open, and three or four swarthy, heavily-bearded men presented themselves to my view.

"Quick, Senorita, for the love of God!" I cried, grasping at her arm.

"Hold!" she exclaimed, instantly presenting one of my own revolvers to my head. "Resistance is useless!—you are our prisoner!"

"Good God!" exclaimed I, perfectly astounded: "*Our* prisoner did you say? It is not possible that one so fair and lovely as yourself is in any manner connected with these banditti!"

"It is even so, Senor," she replied, with one of her most bewitching smiles, still keeping one of my own weapons turned against myself, and significantly pointing the other to the door. "You will oblige us by stepping forth and giving yourself into the care of these good gentlemen, who will see that you are treated as a brave man should be, but who will trouble you meantime for any little change and valuables you might have to spare!"

There seemed to be no help for it—the beautiful Senorita Paula Valerde was a spy and accomplice of the *ladrones*. She had entered the diligencia at Perote for no other purpose than to ascertain the exact condition of things inside, and be able to signalize her associates as she passed along, so that they might know exactly in what manner to conduct themselves and make their work sure without risk. By a simple stratagem she had obtained my arms, just at the point where she knew the attack would be made; and her discharge of the pistol, as if by accident, was the sign to show them that all was secure.

"I acknowledge myself conquered by being outwitted!" said I, bowing to la Senorita.

Then turning to the robbers, who had now collected in a body, in front of the door of the diligencia, I continued:

"Gentlemen, will you permit me to alight and make you some valuable presents? In the language of your country, 'all I have is yours.'"

The leader of the party bowed politely in return, and said, with a grim smile:

"Si, Senor, we shall be most happy to receive anything which so distinguished a traveler may have to bestow."

With this I quietly stepped from the vehicle; and one quick, searching glance put me in possession of the whole state of affairs. The diligencia had been stopped in a wild, gloomy place, and the driver was sitting carelessly on his box, taking everything as a matter of course. He might also be an accomplice of the robbers, or he might not, but, in either case, there was little hope of assistance from him—for any attempt of the kind would certainly bring upon him a severe punishment, sooner or later. I glanced up and down the road, where it wound between dark, overshadowing trees, but discovered nothing to give me any hope. The robbers, some eight or ten in number, and all well armed, were collected around me, part of them mounted, and the others standing on their feet, holding their mustangs by the bridle. Looking upon my case as a desperate one, so far as being plundered was concerned, I still retained my presence of mind, and did not wholly despair. True, I had been outwitted, and disarmed, and now stood singly between numbers; but the idea of yielding tamely to this outrage was repugnant to my very nature, and I resolved to put the least favorable opportunity for defense and retaliation to the strongest test.

"Will you accept this purse?" said I, producing one that held several gold coins, and handing it to the chief of the *ladrones*.

"Thank you, Senor! you are very kind!" he said, as he took it in his hand, with a polite bow, and chinked the money.

"This diamond pin may prove acceptable to your friend?" I added, as I quietly removed it from the bosom of my shirt, and handed it to the *gentleman* on his left, who received it in the same polite manner. "This diamond ring I trust you will retain as a keepsake!" I continued, drawing the jewel from my finger, and presenting it to a third. "I beg your pardon, Senores," I pursued, glancing at the Senorita Paula, who, with my pistols still in her possession, was quietly standing within the diligencia, regarding the whole proceedings with one of her sweetest smiles. "I must not forget this beautiful lady! I have here," I went on, at the same time producing the article, "a very beautiful gold snuff-box—set, as you perceive, with diamonds—will your ladyship honor me by accepting this as a slight token of my regard for the pleasure afforded me by your company and conversation?"

"You are a very gallant gentleman, Senor?" she laughed, taking the two revolvers in one fair hand, and presenting the other.

I reached the box toward her—but my hand trembled a little—and just as the present was about to touch her fingers, it slipped and fell between us.

"A thousand pardons, Senorita, for my awkwardness!" I said, as I bent down to pick it up.

Now was the all-important moment—the moment of life and death! All were in a measure off their guard; and one quick, furtive glance showed me that the girl still held my weapons carelessly in one hand, with the other remaining extended for the prize. I lifted the box carefully; but as I raised myself, I gave a wild, startling yell; and as the Senorita started back, I, with the quickness of lightning, seized both weapons, and wrenched them from her.

To wheel and commence firing upon the party, was now only the work of a moment. The first shot, fortunately, stretched out the chief; the second took effect on the one nearest to him; and by the time the third had been sent on its mission, there arose one simultaneous yell of dismay, and the astounded robbers began to scatter in every direction. I had no disposition to follow them, however; another minute they might rally and turn upon me; and springing forward, I grasped the reins of a freed mustang, and vaulted into the saddle. One more glance around me showed me the Senorita Paula upon the body of the chief, her laughter changed to grief, and some of the scattered cowards bringing their weapons to bear upon me.

"Adios Senorita, and Senores!" said I, bitterly; "he laughs best who laughs last!"

The next moment I was dashing away down the road, the half-rallied robbers pouring after me a volley, but fortunately not touching their mark. They would doubtless have followed me in hot pursuit, but for the wholesome dread they had of my still undischarged weapon. As it was I escaped, and entered the town of Puebla in triumph; where, it is almost needless to add, a narration of my exploit made me a hero and a lion for the time. Here I sold my captured mustang and trappings for enough to indemnify me for what I had disposed of in the way of presents, and the next day saw me an inside passenger of the same diligencia, *en route* for Mexico, where I arrived in safety, without any further event worthy of note.

What became of the robbers and their beautiful accomplice, I never learned; but the lesson taught me on that journey I have never forgotten; and during the remainder of my stay in that country, no pretty woman ever had the honor of being my business confidante, or of getting possession of my trusty and unfailing revolvers.

NESTLING IN LADIES' CURLS.—A newspaper may be destroyed at night. It may light a cigar, it may curl a lady's hair.—Ah! only think of that, girls! "An editor's thoughts" completely, sweetly, exquisitely wreathed in your rich tresses, and—yes, nestling down with you in your midnight slumbers, gently to guard and peacefully keep watch over your happy dreams. Who would not be an editor?

HONESTY.—Simple honesty, the naked truth, pure virtue and a straight up-and-down way of dealing with the world, have as much advantage over vices, tricks and stratagems, as a good square trotting horse has over a pacing pony or racker, that goes his mile or two like the mischief, and is done for the rest of his journey.

THE QUEEN ROSE.

BY ALICE CARY.

A wall of the darkest woods behind,
And a singing stream before,
Three cherry trees that almost blind
Window and porch and door;

A brier-vine on the homestead side,
Where hang through summer's prime
Flowers with their sweet red mouths gaped wide
For sunshine, all the time.

Say, Kitty, will you come and be
My love, and make me blest?
For you are the little rose for me,
And queen of all the rest!

A cornfield lies upon one hand,
Near to a meadow green,
With an angle of bright harvest land
Wedged sunnily between.

Unsown, among the wheat and rye,
Grow wild pinks, tall and bright,—
How many a scarlet armful, I
Have carried home at night!

But if you will come and live with me,
And be my love, my pet,
The sweetest armful you will be
I ever have gathered yet!

THE HARD SCHOOL.

FROM THE REMINISCENCES OF A TEACHER.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

In the autumn of 1842 I received a visit from one of the Superintending School Committee of the town of G——, in the State of New Hampshire. He introduced himself as Mr. Bowen, and at once proceeded with his business. He wished to employ a teacher for one of the schools in his town. He ran his eye over my frame, and I saw that the result was satisfactory, for he immediately expressed a desire to secure my services. I asked what sort of a school it was.

"Wal," said he, with a peculiar nasal twang, and a pronunciation not set down by any of our lexicographers, "it's a pooty tarnation hard school, naow I tell ye. But, yeouv'e got the bone an' muscle, an' I reckon as haow yeou might dew it."

He again ran his eyes over my large, sinewy frame, and rubbed his hands with evident satisfaction.

"Have scholars been in the habit of gaining control of the school?" I asked.

"Lord bless ye, yes. Why—no master can stand it a week. The cussed boys hussle him right aout. Ye see, 'Squire, thar's some pooty all-fired staout boys in that ere school. Ye see they work in the swamps, an' they're kind o' rough in their ways. We hearn tell o' yeou, an' I was sent to see ye. An' I was privileged to offer ye forty dollars a month, ef ye'd only come an' keep it. That's more'n twice as much as we ever paid afore."

"How large is the school?" I asked.

"Wal—thar's nigh onto sixty scholars, all told, when they come—some boys, an' some gals."

I had heard of the school before, and had been acquainted with an excellent teacher who had been thrown out from the school-house, and rolled in a snowbank by the large boys; yet I resolved to go and try it. Of personal danger I had no fear, for I happened to possess a large frame, and a proportionate amount of nerve and muscle. I had exercised freely in our gymnasium, and there was not another man in the place who could at all hold his strength by the side of mine. Nature had been lavish in her favors, and evil habits had not impaired the faculties God had given me.

I told Mr. Bowen I would keep the school. It was to commence on the first day of December, and continue three months. But I told him I must have my own way. That in all things appertaining to the school I must be master—that my will must be absolute, even to the casting out of half the scholars. He said I should have my own way; and he pledged his word that the committee should not interfere in any way, nor under any circumstances.

At the appointed time I packed up my wardrobe and schoolbooks, and started for G——. When I reached the village I learned that my school was in a distant part of the town—in a rugged region, known as *Rawbone Hollow*. On the following morning Mr. Bowen took me "over" in his sleigh. I found my school-house upon the edge of quite a settlement, which was located in a wide valley, with high, bleak mountains upon all sides. I was taken at once to the place where I was to board, and in this latter respect I was very fortunate.

My host's name was Elias Bonney. He was a well-to-do farmer; about forty-five years of age; a firm, intelligent man; and one of the selectmen of the town. He had five children, that were to attend the school—the oldest being a girl of nineteen, named Lydia, and the youngest a boy of seven.

Mr. Bowen remained to dinner, and then took his leave; and as soon as I was alone with Mr. Bonney, I began to inquire particularly about the school. My host shook his head with a dubious expression

"You know what boys are," he said, "especially if they've had their own way for a long time. For six winters we've had no school here that could be called a school. There are quite a number of stout boys, and they generally contrive to get the master out at the end of a week. But I think they'll find it hard work to put *you* out."

"I don't know," I replied. "But I really shouldn't want them to try it, for I'm not apt to be very considerate when acting purely on the defensive against mere brute force."

Bonney said he should think 'twould be dangerous for the scholars to make the attempt. "But," he added, with another dubious shake of the head, "the boys are not only stout and hearty, but you must remember there's a number of them. Once get 'em started, and they dont fear anything. They've had some pretty stout masters to deal with."

"But how many are there in the school," I asked, "who are really bad? who are ready to go ahead in any evil pranks?"

Bonney pondered a few moments, and then replied—

"Why—there's only two of them that are really ugly; and even they ain't bad neighbors. They're kind and ready in cases of need, but they seem to be determined to resist the school-master."

We kept up the conversation, at intervals, until bed-time, and when I retired for the night I had about made up my mind as to the nature of the work I had to do. I had learned enough to assure me of several important facts. In the first place, each succeeding teacher had gone into the school-house with the firm belief that he had got to fight his way through. This very feeling had served to excite his combativeness, so that his first position to the scholars was an antagonistic one. The result had been inevitable. At fighting the large scholars were handy—they had prepared for it, and expected it, and consequently were easily led to an exhibition of their pugnacious qualities.

On the next morning I went to the school-house a little earlier than the usual hour for commencing. I found the building nearly new, and looking clean and neat. I liked that. I went in and arranged my books on my desk. Mr. Bonney had given me the key to this desk, at the same time informing me that he believed there were some implements there I might need. I found a heavy rock-maple ferule, some two feet long, by two inches wide, and three quarters of an inch thick. It was a perfect club, and was, moreover, enough to excite the ire of any decent person who might see it brandished about in the hands of a superior. It was not alone. It had a companion in the shape of a long, stout, heavy rawhide, or "green hide," as they are sometimes called. I let them remain in the desk.

At nine o'clock I rang the hand-bell with which my host had supplied me, and the scholars took their seats. The school was full, and as I gazed carefully around I was pleased with the appearance of most of the scholars. They were a comely, intelligent set for such a place. But among the larger boys were some faces which I wished to study.

John Putney and Stephen Oliver had been so thoroughly described to me that I recognized them the moment I put my eyes upon them. They were two hard-looking customers, especially the former. Putney was tall and stout, with a head and shoulders not unlike those of a bull. He wore a scowl upon his face, and seemed to lean back in his seat like one who held sway o'er all around. When I first came to him in my sweeping glance I caught his eye. He tried hard to keep up his gaze, but in a very few seconds his lids trembled and his eyes sank. I knew I could conquer him in some way.

Stephen Oliver was not so tall as Putney, though, some said, stronger. But he was a better man. His face was more intelligent, and he seemed to have some pride.

As soon as all was still I made a few remarks. I opened my desk, and drew forth the ponderous ferule and raw-hide.

"Do these belong to any one in the school?" I asked, holding them up.

No one answered. I then asked Lydia Bonney if she knew to whom they belonged. She said she believed their last teacher bought them. I then stepped down, and put them both into the stove.

After this I told the scholars that I had come there to teach them—to help them to an education which should fit them better for the various paths in life they might be called upon to pursue. I pictured to them the educated man and woman in contrast with the ignorant, and urged them to weigh well the considerations I gave them. I called up all my powers of imagination and simplification in portraying the happy results of education. "And more," said I, "I have come to help give you this education if you will only receive it. And in order to gain it properly—in order to have a profitable school, we must have order and regularity. We must all behave properly. Now I am sure you do not know so much of arithmetic, geography, history, grammar, and other branches of common school education as I do; consequently I shall feel it my sacred duty to impart to you all information upon those subjects which I can. But I believe of that other qualification of a scholar you know as much as I do. You certainly know how to behave. You know how to behave properly—how to be quiet, studious, and peaceable. If there is a scholar present who does not know how to do this, will he, or she, arise? I am in earnest. If no one rises I shall consider that I have an assurance from each and every one of you that you know how to behave properly in school."

I waited some moments, but no one arose. But I could see that Master John Putney was uneasy. He seemed to be fearing that I was compromising him in advance of his will. However, I appeared not to notice him.

"Very well," said I, with a grateful smile, "I thank you for your assurance. And now I am going to place the government of the school at your disposal. You are all voters, and I wish you to exercise the privilege. Shall we have, during the coming three months, an orderly, model school? All in favor of that will hold up their right hand."

The girls commenced first. "Come," I urged. "I want you all to vote one way or the other. I shall think all who do not vote on this side mean to vote on the other. All up!" By this time every right hand was up save Putney's and Oliver's. The latter had got his hand half up, when I saw Putney catch it by the elbow and pull it back.

"*Down*," I said. "Now, are there any of the opposite mind?"

John Putney hesitated, but I could see that he was anxious to raise his hand.

"If there are any who do not wish an orderly school, I should be pleased to know it," I resumed, "for I am determined not to have scholars here who need to be *forced* into obedience. I am not fond of punishing."

Putney's hand came up with a nervous jerk, and I saw him try to push Oliver's up; but I had caught the latter's eye, and he gave up to the influence of an imploring glance.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"My name is *John Putney*, the world over!" he replied in a coarse, impudent tone; but yet there was effort in it.

"And you do not desire a good, orderly school?" I resumed.

"Wal—I don't care much, one way nor t'other," he answered, in the same tone, but with increasing effort, and I could see, too, that he was trembling his strength away fast.

"Very well," I said, in a firm, but yet kind tone. "If such is your opinion, then your presence here will not only be useless to yourself, but of great detriment to the rest of the school. So you can retire before we proceed any further. But should you at any time make up your mind to come in with a determination to be orderly and gentlemanly, you can return."

As I spoke I stepped down and opened the door.

"You can leave," I said.

"S'posin' I'd ruther stay here?" he returned, turning pale.

"But you can't stay here!" I resumed, in a tone and with a look that made him start. "We cannot have you here. For the good of the school, and for the good of the school alone, you must leave. I can wait but a moment longer."

The fellow was determined to try my strength. But he might as well have thought of facing a lightning-bolt. I was nerved up to my most powerful mood. I felt in my arms and hands that, were I then where Sampson once was, I could easily have pulled down the pillars of the temple-roof.

I walked slowly up to the man's seat (for he was a man in age and size, coming one-and-twenty within a month), and placed my hand upon his collar. He grasped the edge of the low desk before him, and held on. With one mighty effort—an effort that surprised myself—I tore the fellow from his seat, and raised him above my head! I strode on to the outer entry, and when I had gained the door-stone, I cast him down upon the snow. He scrambled to his feet, and, with an oath, rushed towards me. I struck him between the eyes, and knocked him down. I went and lifted him up, and then told him to go home. He cast one look into my face from out his already swelling eyes, and then, with mutterings of vengeance, he walked away.

I returned to the school-room, and of course found the scholars all at the windows, or, rather, rushing back to their seats.

"Now," said I, with a kindly smile, "suppose we try that vote over again, for, really, I feel a deep, earnest desire to have the whole school with me. All who are desirous to have an orderly, model school, and who are resolved to labor to that end, will raise the right hand."

Every hand went up in a moment.

And so I commenced my school. I went to Stephen Oliver, and asked him how far he had gone with his studies. He told me, and I then informed him that any evening when he wished for assistance which I might not be able to render during school hours, I should be happy to grant it if he would only call upon me at my room. He was as grateful as I ever saw a person.

I made the scholars understand that I should have no whipping going on. If any one would not behave he must leave the school. I had come to teach the various branches of a common English education, and those who had not yet learned to behave properly were not far enough advanced to be admitted to *that* school, where the scholars themselves had determined to have good order.

I never had a better school. I have at times found it necessary to punish children, but I knew that that school had had altogether too much of it, and I resolved in the outset not to strike a blow save in self-defence, and to turn from the school every child that would not obey. Oliver was of great assistance to me. When I wished to leave the room for a short time, I felt perfectly confident of order in leaving him in charge. He studied hard, and ere long he became really athirst for knowledge. He spent many evenings with me, and they were profitable to us both.

I had kept the school three weeks. On the Sabbath evening following the third Saturday, as I sat with Mr. Bonny and family, some one knocked at the door. One of the children answered the summons, and returned followed by John Putney. He said he wanted to speak to me. I led the way to my room, where a good fire was burning.

I bade the young man good evening, and told him he had taken a stormy season for a walk.

"Yes, sir," he returned, in a half choking tone, "it does storm hard—very hard. But, sir—I don't mind that—I'm used to it. I wanted to see you, sir. I—I——"

He stopped and gazed down upon the floor.

"Don't be afraid to speak plainly, John," I said, "for I assure you that you are speaking to one who would be your friend under all circumstances."

"I want to come to school, sir," burst from his lips spasmodically.

"I thank you, John—I thank you," I cried, extending my hand, which he took at once. "Since I came to this place, nothing has occurred to afford me more pleasure than this. Come to-morrow morning, and you will find one of the best schools in the country. We won't think of the past—we'll only try for improvement in the future."

The stout, hard youth cried like a child.

Mr. Bonney said "it beat all."

"Why," said he, "here's a school that's been going to rack and ruin for years, because they couldn't find a master strong enough to conquer the big boys, and now they're all conquered without even so much as a blow. And yet," he added, after reflecting awhile, "'tain't the nature of man to be very good under blows, and I s'pose children have all the feelings of men. The lash may keep 'em under while it's over 'em; but it don't produce an effect that you can depend upon."

"That's it," I replied. "The obedience produced by the lash is only obedience *to* the lash. It can never beget one iota of respect for the one who wields it. I am not prepared to say that the lash is never, under any circumstances, necessary, society is in such a terribly warped and unchristian state; but there is one thing I can say: I will never keep another school which I cannot govern without the rod. If there chance to be a boy who will not behave, then the school shall not suffer by his presence. I will send him back to those whose duty it is to teach him the first rudiments of behavior."

People were astonished at the result of my efforts. The committee were forced to report "the school kept in the district known as 'Rawbone Hollow,'" to be "the best in their town."

So much for the "HARD SCHOOL."

TO HIM I LOVE.

Oh! come to me, life is not life without thee,
Thou shrined angel of my changeless heart;
Sweet are the memories that cling about thee—
Sacred to every thought of mine thou art.
Come, Angel; twilight falleth—come, oh! *come*,
And fold me to my *once* accustomed home

H. L. A.

A CHILD'S LOVE.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

I can remember it so well. I was at school in a little country town in New England, and George's father, Colonel Hunt, as he was always called, was the principal man of the place. They lived out of the village, half a mile, it may be, on a beautiful farm, which had prettier pastures, smoother sheep-walks, and finer maple groves than I shall ever see again. The house itself stood just beside the road, on a gentle green rise, and behind it was a garden full of plum and apple trees, and currant and gooseberry bushes, and flowers and beehives. The windows of the sitting-room looked down the road for a long distance, and the door fronted that way, so that George, sitting there at evening, when all was still, with his great black dog "Prince" lying beside him, could see our carriage just as it reached the top of the hill, and meet us before we were half way to the house. And every evening almost that was sure to be.

For we were in a manner relatives. The uncle with whom I was boarding was a half-brother of Colonel Hunt's—and my cousins were George's cousins, too. So we were all very much at home with each other, and nothing was more natural for us, when the evening came, than to take our drive in that direction, and so chat a little with the family before we came back. There were two daughters, Jane and Caroline, who were young ladies, and had lovers, I believe; and there was an elder brother, Robert, who was a college student. Then came George, who was almost fourteen, and Edward, who was not more than seven. It happened strangely enough, that our numbers tallied exactly. In our family we also had two elder sisters, Emily and Nancy, who used to discuss embroidery, and crotcheting, and the last fashions with their cousins, while their brother William fraternized with Robert, and my cousin Lucia, who was two years younger than I, was always with George. At least, till I came. And then he began to think a little girl of ten was hardly fit company for him; and Lucia stepped back to make room for me, and George and I grew very fond of each other, and all went merrily.

I remember the first time I ever saw him. Lucia had told me so much about these relatives, that I was quite anxious to see them; and one evening, when the family were all in the parlor, with some ladies who had called, we slipped out at the back door, and ran off over the pastures, and climbed the wall, and forded the brook, by the stepping-stones, and so came into the high road that led to Colonel Hunt's. There was a great gate, very much like a gallows, here, that led into the colonel's hay-fields, and beyond that the road led through a little grove of evergreens, that looked dark and gloomy enough now the sun had gone down. I shrank back and said I was afraid to go, because I was sure there must be bears or Indians there. But Lucia said no—and we took hold of each other's hands, and ran as fast as we could, till we were through the woods, and at the top of the hill that led to the farm.

"There is the house," said Lucia. And I looked where she was pointing, and saw it, with its doors and windows all open, (for it was summer,) and a great elm-tree swaying over the roof, and a kind of golden glory in the sky beyond, where the sun had gone down. There was a girl riding away from the door on a pretty bay horse, and another one stood looking after her. Two men were coming from the barn with pails of milk, and a little boy was playing with a black Newfoundland in the road before us.

"That is Jane on the horse," said Lucia, "and Caroline is in the door. The men with the pails are the men that work on the farm, and the boy is Edward. But I don't see George. I wonder where he is?"

"George is a nice boy, I think, you said?"

"Yes—the nicest boy I know of. He will play with me all day when I go there, and never push me about, nor tear my dress, as Edward does. Ah, there he is now, just leading his horse to the watering-place. Do you see him?"

Yes. I saw a tall boy—taller and larger than I had expected—wearing a dark-blue "round-about" and a straw hat, with a beautiful black horse following him, as he went to the trough. But he was not so handsome as I had hoped he would be. I knew a boy in New York, whose father's house was next to mine, who was much nicer. His name was Clarence Percy—a beautiful name, as I thought—and he had the prettiest hair, and the whitest hands, and the nicest clothes in the world. And George Hunt was sunburnt, and sober-looking, as if there was no fun in him. I began to wish I had not come, and to repent putting on my new shoes, especially when I saw that the water had leaked from the stone trough, and made a wet, muddy place across the road.

"George," said Lucia, and the boy looked up, and let go of the bridle. The horse came capering out towards us, and I, thinking I was going to be devoured, at once turned to run away.

"Don't be frightened," said George, quietly. "He never hurts any one. Whoa, Billy! How do you do, Cousin Lucia?"

"This is Annie, George," said Lucia, turning very red; "and—and we can't get over this wet place."

"Oh, that is soon managed. I will lift you over, if you will let me."

I submitted in silence, when my turn came, and George looked towards the house as he put me down.

"There is Caroline in the door, Lucia. If you will take Annie to her, I will come in a moment."

We went, and I was introduced to Caroline, who was a plump, good-natured girl, and kissed me so many times that I quite liked her. And then I saw the colonel, who only looked up from his paper long enough to say "Good evening;" and his wife, who was a good-natured little woman, with brown eyes like George's, and a smile just like his. Edward was a shy fellow, and, of course, disagreeable, as all little boys are—but the black dog, who came up and put out his great paw for me to shake, pleased me very much. And when George came from the stables, he patted Prince on the head, and took us out in the garden, and gave us currants and plums, and then showed us the great well at the back door, and even let me draw up a bucket of water with the chain and windlass. I think I never drank any other water so cold, and sweet, and clear. Nor was this all. We paid a visit to the cattle in their stalls, and saw the sheep and lambs in the yard, and Billy and the farm-horses in the stables—and we had each a cup of new milk apiece, caught as it was frothing down into the pails; and we drove the twelve white geese, and the four gray ones, into their shed, and Prince got into disgrace because he would quarrel with the gander, who was a tyrannical old fellow—and then the moon rose in the clear blue sky, and Lucia said we must go home, or they would be frightened about us. I dreaded the walk through the dark woods, though I said nothing about it—but George thought of everything, and while we were saying good-night to the family, and to Jane, who had just rode up, and who kissed me almost as much as Caroline had done, he drove up to the door with Billy, who was harnessed in a light chaise, and said he was going to take us home.

There never was such another ride, I am sure, under such a beautiful night sky. George put the reins in my hands, when we were once upon the high road, and showed me how to drive; and Billy went over the ground as if he had wings. But when I came to the pine grove, I fancied I could see monsters lurking on every side, ready to spring out and devour us; and I gave the reins to Lucia, and hid my eyes against the blue round-about, and did not open them again till we reached home. Indeed, I was more than half asleep when the chaise stopped, and George had to litt me out of the carriage in his arms, and set me upon my feet, before I could rouse myself enough to be sure where I was.

From that evening, I think, we loved each other, in our child's way. And, after all, I cannot see that that is so very different from the way of later years. It may be more innocent, and more pure, perhaps; but there are the same little bickerings and misunderstandings, the same jealousies and heart-aches, at twelve as at twenty. Strength comes with the burden, and the man may bear more intense grief than the boy—but the troubles of childhood, and the joys of childhood, are by no means so trifling as they seem.

Unluckily, I was a coquette from my cradle, and as the summer wore on I had many an opportunity of tormenting my boyish lover, of which I was only too ready to avail myself. Now that I look back upon his affection for me, it has a pathetic significance as contrasted with the empty friendships that have filled my later years. I can compare its humble, patient, unwavering fidelity to nothing but the love of a dog—the only love, I fancy, which never fails or changes. I was a wayward, careless, capricious child, and as exacting as if I had been a Princess of the Blood Royal; yet the boy never tired of humoring my whims, and executing my commands. He was my faithful attendant and body-guard—and I would that I had one like him now. We had many a quarrel, it is true—and he waged war with more than one of his playmates for daring to present me with fruit or flowers; yet at the end we were sure to be good friends again. And the longest estrangement we ever had, which lasted nearly a week, and almost broke my heart and his, was brought to an end by my departure for my city home. There was no time for anger nor for dignity, then; and I put my pride in my pocket, and sent Lucia to tell him that in an hour or two I should be away. He came to me at once, and we cried at meeting, because we were both unkind; and then we walked away into the orchard, and sat down beneath an apple-tree, with no one but Prince near us, and talked of what we were to do, and how we were to bear the parting.

"I shall ask my father to let me go away," said George, after awhile. "I never can stay in the place after you have gone, Annie; it will be so lonesome. Perhaps he will let me go to school in Connecticut—I have got an uncle there, who likes me first-rate. And if he should, why I will come and see you in vacation, if they will let me."

"But it will be such a long time first," I said, soberly.

"Only till Christmas, Annie. And I will bring you a present. What shall it be?"

"Oh, George," I sobbed, "I am sorry, now that I am going away, that I gave the book to Henry Miller last week. I only did it to make you angry—but I didn't know then that I was going so soon."

"Never mind, Annie. It is all over now, and I was a fool to be angry, only he kept showing me your name written on the first leaf, and at last I knocked him down. But I am sure you like me better than you do him, don't you?"

"Oh, yes—a thousand times."

He had a very grave face for a boy, but it was brightened now and then by a very sweet, bright smile, that made his eyes look darker and softer, as if they were moist with tears. I have often thought I should like to see him as a man—and find if that smile has lost its power. It was playing round his lips nearly all the time, on that last day.

I can never forget that Sunday evening in the orchard. Nowhere have I found the Sabbath so sweet, and still, and beautiful, as in my own dear New England. And that evening, as the sun sank slowly in the western sky, and the cows came lowing up from the pasture to be milked, and the church-bell tolled in the village for the afternoon service—there was a hush and a calm over everything that would have brought peace to the saddest heart. The air was fresh and sweet—the night breeze just springing up from the distant hills to temper the heat of the day—the ground at our feet covered with the greenest grass, and the white blossoms of the daisy—oh, I look back from this hill of difficulty I am climbing now—and the noise of life dies away, and the sky grows clear and calm, and I see the two children sitting beneath the orchard trees, hand in hand, with the music of the church bells floating around them; and I wish, half passionately, half sadly, that they had died then and there, and never come out into a world that has changed them so!

It was growing dark before we came up to the house, and the carriage was already at the door, which was to take me away. My father, who had come for me, was fretting at my delay, and hardly noticed George as he seized me and put me into the hands of the servant to be made ready. But I slipped away from her at last, and ran down the back stairs; and Lucia, who was crying in the hall, went and brought George out through the kitchen, and I showed him my parting gift.

It was a braid of my hair which Lucia had made that morning, after we knew I was to go, and the tears came into George's eyes as he kissed it and put it carefully away in his vest pocket.

"I will send you some of mine, in my first letter," he said. "And, Annie, dear, promise me one thing. Don't let that Clarence Percy have a present like this."

I promised, (but alas for the faith of incipient womanhood! within three months Master Clarence sported a watch guard suspiciously like my brown locks,) and tried to bid him good-bye, with many assurances that I would write, and never forget him.

"Now, then! Is that child ever coming?" thundered my father in the front door, and George put his arm around me and kissed me, for the first and last time, and ran away across the fields, lest I should see him crying. In ten minutes more we were on our way. But as we turned the corner that led into the high road, a rose was thrown into the chaise, and fell at my feet. I picked it up and looked out. George stood upon the bank above the highway, waving his hat as we whirled along. I watched him till the pine grove came between us, and then I kissed my rose, and cried over it. I have its dust to this day.

It was years and years ago, and I have never seen the farm-house, or the village, or the schoolboy since. They tell me that he is an active and ambitious man, pushing his fortunes in a foreign land, and he, I dare say, has heard of me, and of my gay, worldly life and friends. Yet I have a memory, as I hope he may have, kept sacred from all eyes, like the leaves of that dead rose, of the time when we were so happy and so fond together—a memory of that timid kiss, which sometimes makes my cheek burn and my eye grow dim—a memory of the faithful affection whose worth I should know better now, and of the peace and innocence and happiness that can never, never come again. We all have a hope, I know, of one day gaining Heaven—we all have an idea of what the Heaven may be like. And sometimes, in my better hours—sometimes when I am in the country, with the sweet sunshine of a June Sabbath lying around me, and the familiar sounds of summer ringing in my ear, I look up at the deep blue sky above me, and watch the fleecy clouds that sail lazily about, and wonder if ever in my life I was so fit for that better home as I was when I sat with George beneath the orchard trees at Claremont, so long ago. And I feel that I have never been, and I gather a daisy, it may be, and look at it and sigh, and come back to my gay companions and my life, and no one knows of what I have been thinking. And I thank God secretly that there is a world which will set all things right, and make the great riddle of this so plain.

OLD age fills us with mortifying reflections upon a life mis-spent in the pursuit of anxious wealth or uncertain honor.

BE MERCIFUL—A LEGEND.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

[There is a popular belief in Norway that the Spirits of those who rejected Christianity in early times, wander sadly about the streams and mountains until the last day, when they will receive their final punishment.]

I.

On the waters sat the lost one,
On old Norway's mountain-stream,
Singing melancholy music
In the solemn evening's beam:
It was of the ancient era
That the mournful music told,
When the cross of our Redeemer
Came to Norway's mountain wold.

How the Spirit wailed his sorrow!
He had spurned the seraph-faith:
Now he wandered through the mountains,
For his crime a pallid wraith;
Wandered with the wind forever
By his unblest, mossy tomb;
Wandered lone and sad and ghastly
Till the awful day of doom.

II.

As he wailed upon the waters,
Passed a Monk of Eiser by,
With a hard, unbending forehead,
And a cold, unhearted eye:
"Wail, thou sad and ghastly spirit!
Wail on mountain wave," he said,
"Till you shudder at the trumpet,
And the Earth gives up her dead!"

Passed the monk of Eiser onward;
But so sad, so wild a shriek
Rose up from the hopeless Spirit
That he could but turn and speak—
Even he wept at such sorrow,
And he could not help but say,
"Comfort, sad one! such repentance
Sure must wash thy sin away!"

III.

O, ecstatic as the pinions
Of a treed bird in the sky,
Then a song of hope and rapture
From the Spirit rose on high.
Brother, for your erring brother,
Think of Norway's Legend old,
Think of pitying Monk and Spirit
By the mountain stream and wold.

THE MADMAN'S RUSE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

In the good old days lang syne, before we had rail cars running at sixty miles an hour, and smashing things generally—when the then ten-mile-an-hour stage-coach was the great institution of the country—people who traveled did not sit and look savage at their neighbors; but, though never so grum and surly at home, grew sociable and talkative—laughed, told stories, and listened to others—and conducted themselves as human beings should, who, if not by car or coach, are all travelers on the highway of life.

In one of these whilom conveyances, in which I had taken passage, there was, among an inside-full of travelers, an elderly, dignified-looking gentleman, who seemed contented to lean quietly back, and silently but attentively listen to the conversation of the others, as they told their stories, anecdotes or jokes, or discussed politics or religion, or nettled each other with sharp repartees.

At length, by an easy and natural transition, the conversation turned upon insanity, and then Mr. Brown and Mr. Smith got into an argument as to what and where should be the exact line of demarcation between a man of sound mind and one *non compos mentis*.

As the debate on this subject waxed warm, and became spiced with some very curious and original speculations of the two disputants, the elderly gentleman roused up with a look of interest, and, speaking almost for the first time, quietly observed that there were many cases of confirmed insanity in which the line between reason and lunacy could not be drawn at all, except when the affected person was touched upon some one peculiar subject.

Mr. Brown, who had the other side of the question—and who contended that all insane men could at once, and at all times, and under all circumstances, be detected by look, voice, language and manner, either severally or collectively—instantly denied the assertion, and requested the gentleman to give any respectable authority in support of his position.

"I can give you my own experience," replied the other.

"Why, you are not an insane man, are you, sir?" inquired Mr. Brown, with a wink at his companions.

"It is just possible I may be in *your* estimation," smiled the elderly gentleman; "for it is one of the peculiarities of certain monomaniacs to suppose everybody insane except themselves."

"Very sharp and very pretty, sir!" said Mr. Brown, getting rather red in the face; "but still ridicule is not argument; and as you have started upon premises which I deny in toto, sir, I should like to see you sustain yourself by respectable authority, sir!—for I always go in for respectable authority in all matters of—of—a—in short—of this nature, sir!"

"Well, suppose I give you the authority of Dr. Maxwell, of the ***** Insane Asylum?" said the other.

"That is good, sir!" replied Mr. Brown, condescendingly. "Dr. Maxwell I consider very respectable authority indeed, in all matters pertaining to insanity. But then, sir! bear in mind, sir!" said Mr. Brown, warming up and wiping the perspiration from his forehead; "understand, sir, that I do not agree to take the doctor second-hand—oh, no, sir! Produce him, sir! in propria persona, sir!—set him right here before me, in his own proper person, sir!—and then, if he will vouch for the truth of your assertion, I will yield the point, sir! and acknowledge myself a—a—ah—mistaken, sir!"

"Very well," smiled the venerable gentleman, "as you are not disposed to take my authority second-hand, suppose you take it first-hand! I myself am Dr. Maxwell, of the ***** Insane Asylum."

At this announcement Mr. Brown turned all sorts of colors except white, and we all enjoyed a hearty laugh at his expense.

"To prove my point," pursued the doctor, when the merriment had subsided, "let me tell you of a *ruse* that was played upon me by an insane man, and then show me, if you can, wherein that man, in carrying his point, lacked the cunning, sagacity and reason of the soundest man you know of—yourself, for instance!

"The story I refer to is this:

"Some years ago, as I was one day sitting in my office, turning over the records of the establishment, I was interrupted by the entrance of a tall, spare, intellectual-looking gentleman, neatly dressed in black, who, in a very bland and dignified tone, inquired if he could be permitted to speak with the superintendent of the institution.

"'I am the person you seek, sir!' I modestly replied.

"'Ah, yes!' he rejoined; 'I am very happy to know you! Dr. Maxwell, I presume?'

"'The same, at your service.'

"'My name,' he pursued, 'is Williams—Francis Williams—and I also have the honor of having M. D. attached. I am a practising physician, sir, in a neighboring town, and have called to see you on some business connected with my profession.'

"I replied that I was very happy to make his acquaintance—that his name was not unfamiliar to me, even if his face was. He bowed, expressed himself highly gratified at the fact that I had ever heard the name of one so humble and obscure as himself, and then proceeded to state his business.

"'The case I wish to bring to your notice, Doctor,' he said, 'is a rather curious one. Have you ever seen a man who was perfectly sane on every subject except one?'

"'Often, Dr. Williams—often, sir,' I replied, in my blandest tone.

"'Ah!' he joined, 'I am pleased to hear it, because you will have less difficulty in understanding the merits of the case in question. You see, Doctor, I have a patient—a very respectable man, indeed, and belonging to a very respectable family—who, I am satisfied, is quite insane—quite a subject for this institution—but only on one point and that is—pardon me if I consider it a serious one—he thinks himself no other than your most obedient servant, and—ha! ha!—that I myself am insane, and should be placed in here for safe-keeping. Quite a joke, no doubt you think!'

"'Not an uncommon case, Dr. Williams,' I replied.

"'But one that can be cured? eh, Doctor?' he inquiringly rejoined.

"'I trust so—I hope so.'

"'Well, so his friends think; and having heard much of you and your valuable institution here, they have deputed me to call and see you on the matter, and to know if it would be agreeable to you to receive Mr. Hubbard—that is his name—as a patient?'

"'Certainly,' said I; 'and I shall be happy to do all I can for him; and no doubt, with proper care, I shall soon be able to effect a complete cure.'

"'Well, there is another point, Doctor,' he pursued; 'he would have a perfect dread of being incarcerated in an Insane Asylum; but I thought I could, by having an understanding with you, so manage it that we might ride out together and come hither—merely on a visit, to inspect the place, you understand—and once here, and while passing through the different apartments, it occurred to me you might readily turn the lock upon him in the one where you would like to have him remain.'

"I replied that nothing would be easier—that we had many times taken in patients in the same way, and frequently without their ever seeming to comprehend that there had been any trick played upon them.

"'Well, then,' replied the doctor, 'we will consider the matter fully arranged. His friends, who are wealthy, will settle the bills regularly. But you must bear in mind his one insane idea—for he will persist in telling you that he is Dr. Williams, and that I am Mr. Hubbard, his insane patient; and should he comprehend that this is an institution for those who are *non compos mentis*, he will very likely insist upon *my* being locked up, instead of *him*.'

"'Oh, I understand all that perfectly,' I replied. 'Rest assured, Doctor, we know our business here. If you can only succeed in getting him here without trouble, I pledge myself you shall have no trouble with him afterward.'

"We conversed for a few minutes longer—he expressing himself delighted with the building and grounds, and remarking that he would hand me the necessary papers when he came with his patient; and then, with the hope that he should soon have the pleasure of seeing me again, he took his leave.

"It was, I think, the third day after this that Dr. Williams again appeared, bringing his patient with him—a small, nervous, rather intelligent-looking man, with nothing about him to indicate his disorder, except a restlessness of the eye, which, being a close observer, I immediately detected. The doctor at once gave me a look, which I construed into a sign that I was not to appear to know him, and then, watching his opportunity when his patient was looking another way, he said, in a whisper:

"'Please humor him, Doctor, and not let him suspect that we have conversed before. If he should assert himself Dr. Williams, and call me Mr. Hubbard, you understand it is all right!'

"'Perfectly—perfectly, Doctor,' I replied.

"Scarcely had these words been exchanged when the patient observed:

"'I am Dr. Williams, of *****, and have called here with my friend, Mr. Hubbard, to look over your premises.'

"And then watching *his* opportunity, he added, in a whisper also:

"'*He* is a little touched on one point, and if you can manage it, while we are walking about, to lock him in some one of your apartments, I would like to leave him a while in your care.'

"'Certainly, Doctor,' I replied, addressing the patient, and humoring his conceit; 'we understand such things here; a nod is as good as a wink to a blind man!'

"Then politely requesting the gentlemen to take a look over the establishment, I myself led the way, from one apartment to another, till I came to the right one. Here I called Mr. Hubbard's attention to a very beautiful view from one of the windows, and while he stood admiring it, the doctor and I exchanged glances, and then both of us slipping quietly out, I turned the key.

"'Halloo!' exclaimed the entrapped patient, as he heard the lock turn upon him; 'you have made a slight mistake, Doctor!'

"'All right!' said I; 'I'll rectify it soon, Mr. Hubbard.'

"'But it is *me* you have locked in—Dr. Williams—and *not* Mr. Hubbard.'

"'All right!' I returned again; 'I understand the matter perfectly.'

"'But open the door!' called out the patient, in a loud voice; 'I tell you you have made a mistake! *I* am Dr. Williams—the insane man stands by your side—and unless you can comprehend this soon, I shall be under the disagreeable necessity of supposing you a fool!'

"'All right!' I repeated, for the third time.

"'Perfectly right!' joined in the doctor by my side. And then he added: 'It is most capitally done, Dr. Maxwell, and I am really much obliged to you! I feared we should have met with difficulty. He may be a little troublesome at first, but if he is, no doubt you know how to manage him: a straight-jacket, I think, would soon quiet him.'

"'Oh, let us alone for that!' I said; 'we are never at a loss here how to manage a refractory patient.'

"By this time the entrapped man was vigorously trying the lock of the door, and shouting at the top of his voice:

"'You are a confounded fool, Dr. Maxwell!—a confounded fool, I tell you, sir! Have you not sense enough to distinguish between a sane man and a lunatic?'

"'Unfortunately for you, Mr. Hubbard, I have!' I retorted.

"'I tell you, for the twentieth time, more or less,' he went on, 'that *I—am—Dr. Williams*—of * * * * *; and that *you*, a fool, are being played upon by a lunatic! Let me out! Let me out, I say—this minute—or I will prosecute you for false imprisonment! Such an outrage I never heard of before!'

"'Keep quiet, my friend!' said I, looking through the wicket in the door, and observing my patient in a perfect fury, his eyes glaring with all the peculiar fire of an enraged maniac; 'keep quiet, or I shall be compelled to call one of the keepers to put you in closer limbo than you are now!'

"I then shut the wicket in his face; and taking the arm of Dr. Williams, we walked back to the office, laughing at the success of our scheme.

"'Most capitally done, indeed!' he said; and added several compliments which I need not repeat.

"He then thanked me heartily—said he would recommend my institution to all his friends—shook my hand warmly—was proud that he knew me—and, getting into his carriage, drove off.

"My patient, instead of quieting down, as I had hoped, grew more refractory than ever; and at last, in self-defence as it were, I was obliged to order some of the under-keepers to place him in the straight-jacket—he persisting all the while that he was Dr. Williams and *not* Mr. Hubbard, and that I was a fool and he not an insane man—though I fancied that if ever I saw a clear case of insanity, I saw it in him.

"After we had fairly got him into the straight-jacket, however, he became much more tractable; and finally said, if we would release him, he would behave himself until such time as his friends could come to his relief. Under this promise we did release him; and the rest of the day and night passed off without any further disturbance—I flattering myself that the straight-jacket could do wonders.

"About daylight on the following morning, the porter was awakened by a tremendous thumping at the gate; and on opening it, in rushed a half-distracted party, inquiring for me, and to know if anything had been seen of a certain Dr. Williams, who had ridden out with an insane man the day before, for the purpose of taking him to our institution, and had not been heard of since.

"On meeting them, I informed them what had occurred—how I had locked up a Mr. Hubbard at Dr. Williams's request, who had taken his leave shortly after, and ridden off alone. They demanded to see the patient, and I at once conducted them to him, cautioning them not to venture into his apartment too suddenly, as he had proved much more wild and turbulent than I had been led to expect. The moment they saw him, however, they all burst into a hearty laugh, and assured me that *—I had actually locked up the doctor himself, and let the lunatic escape!*

"And so it indeed proved. It was the madman who had come to me and made all the arrangements for entrapping the doctor. He had overheard the latter planning with his friends how best to get him into the Asylum; and with wonderful cunning and sagacity he had counterplotted and played his *ruse* upon the whole of us.

"On being released and made acquainted with the facts, the worthy doctor laughed as heartily as any of us; and said he was only too glad to escape by any means; for he had never been taken for a maniac before, and he hoped to heaven he never should be again—at least, while he had his reason.

"It cost me half a dozen bottles of wine," said Dr. Maxwell, in conclusion; "and I think, Mr. Brown, it has proved my point—that an insane man may, under certain circumstances, appear as sane as any one around him."

Mr. Brown laughed heartily—wiped his red face with his redder handkerchief—candidly acknowledged that, on the point of insanity, he considered himself vanquished—but immediately added, by way of defence, that he thought the doctor's case an exception to the rule—which, *as* a rule, he felt proud to abide by, nevertheless notwithstanding.

LITTLE KINDNESS.—Small acts of kindness, how pleasant and desirable do they make life. Every dark object is made light by them, and every tear of sorrow is brushed away. When the heart is sad, and despondency sits at the entrance of the soul, a trifling kindness drives away despair, and makes the path cheerful and pleasant.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

QUANDARY.—This correspondent says she is in very unhappy circumstances, having discovered that the man whom she recently took for better or worse, is altogether "*worse*." He behaves very badly and is a perfect monster. One of her old lovers being cognizant of this fact, stepped in to comfort and sympathize with her, and has behaved so handsomely and nobly that she has transferred to him the love which she was "throwing away on her brute of a husband." This state of things is very embarrassing, and being an orphan, and having no one to go to for advice, she appeals to the LEDGER, and wants us to advise her what course to pursue. In the first place, you should dismiss that "old lover" at once and irrevocably, and then go to work and make your home as pleasant as possible, so as to win your husband from his evil ways. You have probably overstated the case; and no doubt your feelings and your "old lover" have led you to exaggerate the impropriety of your husband's behavior. It may be that you and the "old lover" are at fault more than your husband.

E. D. N.—Every good grammar has a chapter on punctuation, but we know of no work devoted exclusively to that subject. There has often been some talk about enacting a law providing that no man should vote who could not read and write, but *talking* is all that has been done about it.

MINNESOTA TOM.—It is correct to say "a six-*foot* pole." "A six-*feet* pole" would be absurd. It would be like saying "a six-*horses* team," instead of "a six-*horse* team."

MARIAN.—Queen Victoria's family name is Guelph. She is not of an "obscure race," as your teacher says, for the Guelphs are famous in history. The origin of the family name is involved in great obscurity. John Tambactus, a writer of the eleventh century, states it to have been as follows: The wife of a certain knight having given birth simultaneously to twelve sons, and being apprehensive, on account of her husband's poverty, that they would prove too great a burden for him, bribed her handmaid to carry the infants to the river and drown them. While the maid was about to consign her young charge to the waves, the Bishop of Cologne, happening to pass near the banks of the river, observed her, and dispatched one of his suite to inquire what she was doing; the messenger reported what he had discovered, and the good bishop, moved by compassion, took the infants under his own care, and charged himself with their education. The infants grew up into stalwart and accomplished men, and from them descended this renowned race. It is said that the maiden-executioner, when first questioned by the bishop's messenger as to what she had in her apron, answered *whelps*, whence the youths afterwards assumed it as the sirname of their family; and in the various orthographical changes it has undergone, it has finally settled down into *Guelph*. The Guelphs have played conspicuous parts in history for more than a thousand years. Henry the Lion, who lived in the twelfth century, was one of the most celebrated members of the race. In 1168 he married the then Princess Royal of England. George I. ascended the throne of Great Britain in the year 1714; George II. in 1727; George III. in 1760; George IV. in 1820; William IV. (Victoria's uncle) in 1830; and Victoria in 1837.

J. H. J.—When a person has committed a crime he must take the consequences, social as well as legal. When such a person makes up his mind to quit his bad practices and live an honest life, it is, of course, a hard thing for him to be distrusted and shunned, but it is also an inevitable thing, and he must bear it as he best may, until, by a long-continued course of good behavior, he succeeds in establishing a character for honesty and integrity, and thereby gains the confidence of the community.

KOKOMO.—Your sense of justice and propriety must be very small indeed, if it permits you to plot the destruction of a neighbor's happiness, and to lay plans for eloping with his wife, simply because he is twice her age, and you love her. We can give you no advice, but will say that, should you carry out your wishes in regard to this matter, you will stand a chance of being permitted to meditate upon your folly and wickedness for three or five years, in the seclusion of the penitentiary.

ALBANIAN.—Your attempt to make a young lady, who had not accepted you as a suitor, refuse to receive the visits of a young man with whom she is on friendly terms, and even not to recognize him in the street, was very injudicious and tyrannical. No wonder you do not make any headway in winning her affections. It may occur to her that if you are so jealous and impertinent now, that, should she marry you, you would become unendurably tyrannical.

JOHN M.—Where two or more families are living in the same house, it is *not* obligatory upon the family occupying the first floor to attend the hall door, or to keep the sidewalk clean. Each family should contribute its share in the performance of these duties. If the people occupying the same house with you are ugly about these matters, your best course would be to seek another tenement.

M. A. L.—It is not in accordance with our plan to give the whereabouts of artists, lecturers, or anybody else supposed, or not supposed, to be celebrated. The family name of the novelist you mention is Bulwer, but he adopted the sirname of Lytton in accordance with the wishes of a rich relative, who made him his heir; hence his present name of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

A. K. L.—Before attempting to criticise the conduct of the government, you should acquire at least an ordinary degree of information in regard to the subjects you expatiate upon. The Federal Government *did* redeem all the old "continental money," and long since paid off all the debts contracted by the Confederacy during the Revolution.

FANNY KATE.—We can see no impropriety in a young lady's rolling a hoop in her father's garden, in the evening, for exercise, after she has been confined to the house all day. We think it would be quite a sensible and proper thing for her to do, and far preferable to lolling on the sofa, or prattling nonsense to silly young men.

BALTIMORE GIRL.—It is wrong for your sister so to tyrannize over you, and you should not submit to it. As for the beau, let him go. Do nothing about the gifts, &c., which you mention. In fact, don't do anything at all in relation to the matter, but be as good and amiable a girl as you can possibly be, and it will all come out right at last.

DISTRESS.—If your short and stout sweetheart is ashamed of you because you are so tall and slim, and is chagrined at the jokes cracked on your appearance together in the street, let her go. You could never be happy with a wife of such a shamefaced nature.

A. S. R.—Wants to know how to make his moustache grow. He must apply to his barber. Every barber has some "liniment" or "mixture" which he will warrant to make hair grow on the head or lip as rapidly as a squash vine in June.

J. R. G.—Wait patiently a few weeks, without trying to conciliate the indignant young lady, and she will subside into a state of beatific calmness. The more you coax her to be reconciled, the longer she will hold out. Girls delight in being coaxed.

DEBATER.—The four lines you ask for are these:

"O for a tongue to curse the slave,
Whose treason, like a treacherous blight,
Comes o'er the counsels of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might."

AUSTIN.—It is impossible for us to say whether or not you could get employment in Texas or anywhere else. Until you are ready to act upon your own knowledge and opinions, you had better stay at home.

A YOUNG MAN wants to know what he should do when a lady offers to pay his expenses if he will take her to camp-meeting! He should decline the offer.

EUNICE.—You should return the parcel without a word of explanation. A stranger has no business to force a gift upon a lady by stratagem or surprise.

BLANCHE.—The lover whom you describe must be an unworthy person, and not worth the trouble you have given yourself about him. Let him go.

W. J. WILLIAMS.—We can supply you with all the back numbers of the LEDGER you mention. The price is four cents a number.

E. E. R.—We see no reason why you could not marry your second cousin with impunity.

E. L. Z.—You can get of us, or order through the newsdealer of your village, the back numbers of the LEDGER mentioned in your letter. There are many signs by which the weather wise prognosticate rain. When the moon is of a pure, silvery color, good weather is indicated; but when it has a brown or chestnut-colored tint, rain may be expected. When stars are surrounded by halos, the approach of rain is indicated. When mountain ranges or distant objects appear nearer to us than usual; when sounds are heard more clearly from a distance; when the odor of plants is more than usually powerful, rain may be prognosticated. The low flight of swallows indicates approaching rain—the reason being that they pursue flies, which are driven nearer to the earth, in consequence of the moist atmosphere above. Ducks, geese, and other water-fowl may be seen to throw water with their bills over their backs, and to dive frequently before a heavy shower; which they do to prepare their coats, which might otherwise get ruffled in a sharp shower. Cattle stretch out their necks, and snuff the air before the fall of rain. Persons of delicate temperament, and of ill-health experience pain in the head, tooth-ache, irritability of temper, pains in old sores which have been healed, the aching of corns, and excessive nervousness, on the approach of rain. Dogs closely confined in a room become drowsy and stupid before rain; the same, in a less degree, is observed of cats; horses neigh much; cattle low; the fallow deer become restless; and many other animals, from the uneasiness they experience at the change of the atmosphere, prognosticate rain. Insects being very sensible of every change, are very good weather guides; hence fine weather may be predicted when many spiders' webs are seen in the open air; also, when bees are found traveling far away from their hives. On the contrary, when spiders remain hidden, and bees are not seen away from their homes, rain may be expected. Many flowers are excellent weather indicators. The trefoil, the convolvulus, and other plants, contract their leaves before a shower, or during dull, cloudy weather.

EDUCATION.—This correspondent says, "I have been married over sixteen months, and have a faithful and loving wife, who is exceedingly domestic and a good housekeeper. I should be very happy were it not for the fact that my wife secludes herself entirely from society, *on account of her lack of education*, and neither receives company nor makes visits. I am of a social turn, and feel this seclusion keenly; but should not mind it so much, were it not for the fact that my wife will not be any company for me. She cannot talk on any subject, because she knows nothing about anything, nor will she try to improve her mind or gain information. I take the LEDGER, and many other interesting papers, besides magazines, and also buy all the most popular works as they come out, in hopes of inducing her to read something; but I have never yet seen my wife with a newspaper, periodical, or book in her hand. I have spoken to her gently on the subject several times, but only provoked her ire and made matters more unpleasant than before. What can I do? I would give half that I am worth could I induce her to read and study enough to enable her to mingle in society, or even to chat with me on topics of mutual interest. Please advise me, and I will ever be grateful." We hardly know what advice to give. Suppose you try the plan of reading to your wife for a while, selecting the shortest and most interesting stories or paragraphs at first, and gradually working into more extended narratives and articles. Then, after a while, when you have read enough of some continued story to deeply interest her, stop, and leave her to finish it herself, which she would be very apt to do. By repeating this process a few times, you may excite in her a taste for reading which will eventually enable you to accomplish all that you so ardently desire.

AN UNFORTUNATE LOVER says he was engaged to be married to a beautiful but headstrong young lady, whose "consent" he had won after a liberal outlay of presents. The wedding-day was appointed; the blissful hour had arrived; the guests had assembled; he was leading the young lady down stairs when he stumbled, fell, and pulling her with him, they both came rolling upon the hall floor. No bodily injury followed this untoward tumble, but the elegance of the bride's dress was sadly marred, and she was so mortified that she insisted on having the wedding postponed. The clergyman and the guests were accordingly dismissed, and the cake and wine eaten and drank by the family at their leisure. The postponement of the wedding was a fatal mistake for our correspondent; for the lady has since made up her mind that she will not marry him at all. She wants a more sure-footed husband. He cannot move her by prayers or by presents, and he is driven to despair—she being very beautiful, and the heir to much real estate, besides several thousand dollars in bank stock. In this dilemma, he wants to know what he had better do. He had better do nothing. His love is evidently based on selfishness. By waiting a while he may see some girl whom he would really love, without regard to real estate or bank stock.

1776.—It is impossible for any one to predict with any degree of certainty what the career or fate of a nation will be through a period of a thousand years. We think, however, that by the expiration of that period of time, the United States will have done some wonderful things on this continent, if not on some others, and that it will then take a good many steam presses to print the edition of the LEDGER. We do not share the fears which some people find it agreeable and profitable to express, concerning the destruction of this Confederacy by its too great expansion. Our government and our country are so constructed that, like the sea itself, they absorb whatever stream of population is offered, without the slightest detriment.

GLENDOWER.—No person but an officer of the law has a right to come upon your premises without your permission. The cart having been left by its owner upon your land without your consent, he has no right to take it away unless he first gets your permission—which, of course, you would grant as soon as it was asked. "Glendower," you know, is a generous antagonist, and never stoops to the performance of acts of petty malice, or seeks to annoy even a foe without just cause. Let your neighbor take his cart in peace, unless you choose rather to hitch your own team to it, and draw it to his door.

UNDECIDED says he is in love with two girls, one of whom is a healthy, robust lass, of good disposition, and the other a weakly, sickly person, of feeble constitution. He does not know which to marry. Reason tells him he should choose the healthy one, while affection pleads for the sickly girl. Our opinion is that he does not love either of them well enough to warrant him in marrying her. When he really falls in love with any woman, he will have no hesitation in preferring her to all the world. A person of feeble constitution, who is chronically weak and sickly, should not marry at all.

PRECEPTOR.—We think your proposed plan of introducing the LEDGER into your school, as "reading book" for your highest class, is a good one. You should also use with it, however, a good text book, containing reading lessons specially intended for the training and development of the voice.

B. G. L.—You probably lie abed too late in the morning. Practice early rising for a while, getting up say at 5 o'clock, and see if your appetite will not improve. A short walk, or a little work in the garden, before breakfast, would do you no harm. No one except an invalid should lie in bed and doze, after once waking up in the morning.

ZANTIPPE.—Nothing will have a more soothing effect upon your wife, whose character you say is signified by your signature, than large doses of love, devotion, kindness and appreciation. If they will not sweeten her temper and soften her manners, we do not know what will, as it would not be lawful or gentlemanly for you to flog her.

ORTHODOX.—You are right in sending your children to Sabbath-school. Do not let your vain and worldly-minded relatives argue or laugh you out of that determination. You were also right in not permitting your children to go on the "Sunday pic-nic." Never mind the sneers of your uncle. He will come to his senses one of these days.

X.—You were in the wrong in striking your rival in the ball-room, no matter how grossly he insulted you. The presence of the ladies should have restrained your arm. You should apologize to the young lady you were dancing with, and also to all the other ladies who were in the same "set."

W. W. W.—We think the fact that you live entirely on bread and coffee is sufficient to account for your increasing debility. Should you confine yourself to such diet much longer, you will irreparably injure your constitution; perhaps you have done so already.

R. W. G.—If your statement is true, you had better leave home, and seek your fortune among strangers. As you gave good satisfaction as a teacher last winter, you can probably get similar employment again in the same vicinity.

E. L. D.—We know nothing about the "doctor" who you say advertises such wonderful cures. Do not send money to anybody who professes to perform miracles, or offers to give you *something* for *nothing*.

J. G.—Apply to any good oculist, or eye-doctor, and you will soon learn whether or not there is a chance for relief. We do not assume to say who is the most skillful member of any profession.

SNOWBALL.—Yes. There is much harm in chewing or smoking opium, in ever so slight quantities. It will ultimately ruin you intellectually and physically.

HOPE.—"Declare your intentions" to the young lady, and she will undoubtedly soon permit you to "take the oath of allegiance."

P. P.—The back numbers of the LEDGER, from June 7th, 1856, to March 13th, 1858, which we stated could be had for $3, can all be bound together.

F. F. Y.—Not for any price whatever. We admit no advertisements into the LEDGER. You must be your own judge as to what papers will be the best for you to advertise in.

O. C. R.—No. We never vary from our printed terms of subscription.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*